

**BATMAN**  
**No.31**

**A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE**



**OCT...NOV**  
**TEN CENTS**

**BAT MAN**

**BAT MAN**

**DAI MAN**

**DAI MAN**

**DAI MAN**

**DAI MAN**

**DAI MAN**

**DAI MAN**

**DAI MAN**

**DAI MAN**

**DAI MAN**

**DAI MAN**



**BATMAN**  
**No. 31**

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE



OCT...NOV  
TEN CENTS



## Editorial Advisory Board

### SUPERMAN D.C. COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry  
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise",  
etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;  
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,  
Child Study Association of America

BESS B. LANE

Educational Director  
United Parents Associations

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature  
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and  
Director of Curriculum Study,  
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,  
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.

Former World's Heavyweight  
Boxing Champion  
Member, Executive Board  
New York Boy Scout Foundation



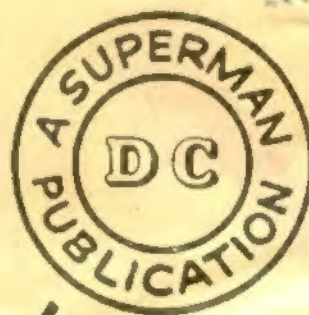
The following magazines all bear this  
trademark as your guarantee of  
the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS  
ADVENTURE COMICS  
ALL FUNNY COMICS  
BATMAN  
BOY COMMANDOS  
BUZZY  
DETECTIVE COMICS  
LEADING COMICS  
MORE FUN COMICS  
REAL SCREEN COMICS  
STAR SPANGLED COMICS  
SUPERMAN  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



# ANTELOPE

AS SMART AS HE'S NIMBLE,  
WHEN HE BUYS COMICS,  
HE LOOKS FOR THIS SYMBOL!



— ON THE COVER OF  
**ACTION  
COMICS**  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN ANY  
COMIC  
MAGAZINE!

## Editorial Advisory Board

### SUPERMAN D.C. COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry  
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise",  
etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;  
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,  
Child Study Association of America

BESS B. LANE

Educational Director  
United Parents Associations

DR. C. BOWIE-MILLICAN

Department of English Literature  
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and  
Director of Curriculum Study,  
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,  
Teachers College, Columbia University

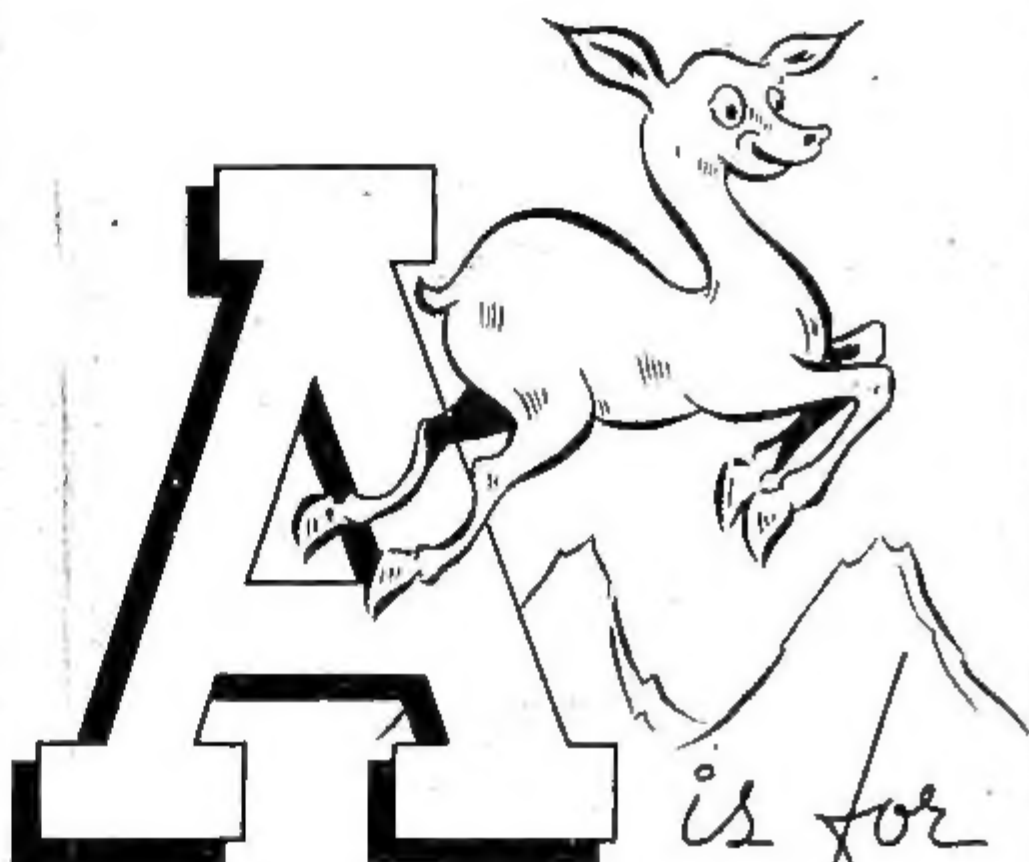
Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.

Former World's Heavyweight  
Boxing Champion  
Member, Executive Board  
New York Boy Scout Foundation



The following magazines all bear this  
trademark as your guarantee of  
the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS  
ADVENTURE COMICS  
ALL FUNNY COMICS  
BATMAN  
BOY COMMANDOS  
BUZZY  
DETECTIVE COMICS  
LEADING COMICS  
MORE FUN COMICS  
REAL SCREEN COMICS  
STAR SPANGLED COMICS  
SUPERMAN  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



# A NTELOPE

AS SMART AS HE'S NIMBLE,  
WHEN HE BUYS COMICS,  
HE LOOKS FOR THIS SYMBOL!



— ON THE COVER OF  
**ACTION  
COMICS**  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN **ANY**  
COMIC  
MAGAZINE!

## Editorial Advisory Board

### SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry  
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise",  
etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;  
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,  
CHM Study Association of America

BESS E. LANE

Educational Director  
United Parents Association

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature  
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and  
Director of Curriculum Study,  
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,  
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.

Former World's Heavyweight  
Boxing Champion  
Member, Executive Board  
New York Boy Scout Foundation



The following magazines all bear this  
trademark as your guarantee of  
the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS  
ADVENTURE COMICS  
ALL FUNNY COMICS  
BATMAN  
BOY COMMANDOS  
BUZZY  
DETECTIVE COMICS  
LEADING COMICS  
MORE FUN COMICS  
REAL SCREEN COMICS  
STAR SPANGLED COMICS  
SUPERMAN  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



## ANTELOPE

AS SMART AS HE'S NIMBLE,  
WHEN HE BUYS COMICS,  
HE LOOKS FOR THIS SYMBOL!



— ON THE COVER OF  
**ACTION  
COMICS**  
FOR EXAMPLE!

IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE BEST  
IN ANY  
COMIC  
MAGAZINE!

BATMAN, No. 31—Oct. Nov. 1948. Published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 430 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. P. O. License No. 20810. Entered as second class matter Aug. 5, 1911 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription is the U. S. \$ 3.00 including postage. For advertising rates address Richard

A. Prince & Co., 430 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1948 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and likenesses featured in this publication are strictly imaginary and fictional, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.

# BATMAN

WITH  
**DORIN**

**P**UNCH AND JUDY  
FIGHT FOR A PIE,  
PUNCH GIVES JUDY  
A KNOCK IN THE EYE.  
**S**AYS PUNCH TO JUDY:  
"WILL YOU HAVE  
ANY MORE?"  
SAYS JUDY TO PUNCH,  
"MY EYE IS TOO SORE."  
— OLD NURSERY RHYME —



INTRODUCING  
IN THIS ISSUE —  
**Punch and Judy**,  
THAT COUPLE SO WELL  
VERSED IN THE ART OF SAR-  
CASM AND SQUABBLE!  
BUT THAT ISN'T ALL!  
THEY'RE PAST MASTERS IN  
FLIM-FLAMMERY TOO...  
AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**  
QUICKLY FIND OUT!

So without further ado we give you  
**"Punch  
and  
Judy!"**

BOB  
KANE

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW... IT'S A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW!

WIFE JUDY, I'M THE HEAD OF THIS HOUSE!



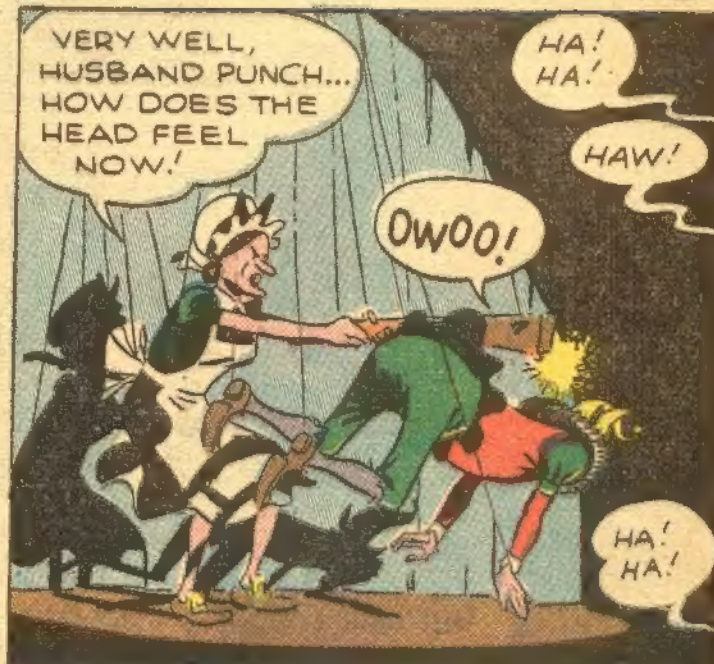
VERY WELL, HUSBAND PUNCH... HOW DOES THE HEAD FEEL NOW!

HA!  
HA!

HAW!

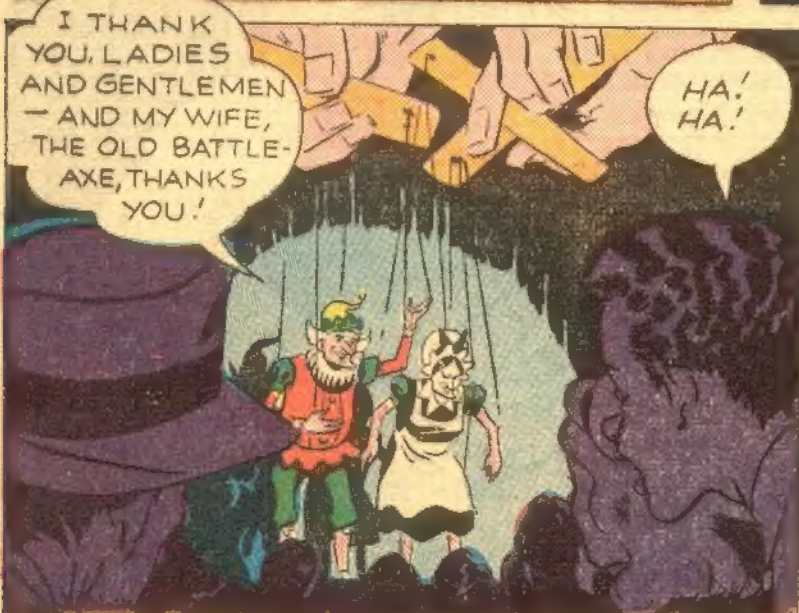
OWOO!

HA!  
HA!



I THANK YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - AND MY WIFE, THE OLD BATTLE-AXE, THANKS YOU!

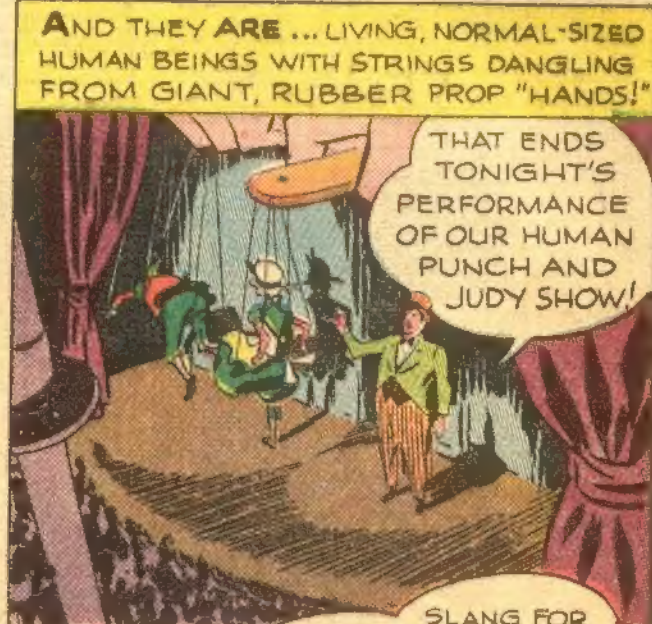
HA!  
HA!



AMAZING! THOSE PUPPETS MIGHT ALMOST BE ALIVE!

AND THEY ARE ... LIVING, NORMAL-SIZED HUMAN BEINGS WITH STRINGS DANGLING FROM GIANT, RUBBER PROP "HANDS!"

THAT ENDS TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE OF OUR HUMAN PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW!



SLANG FOR

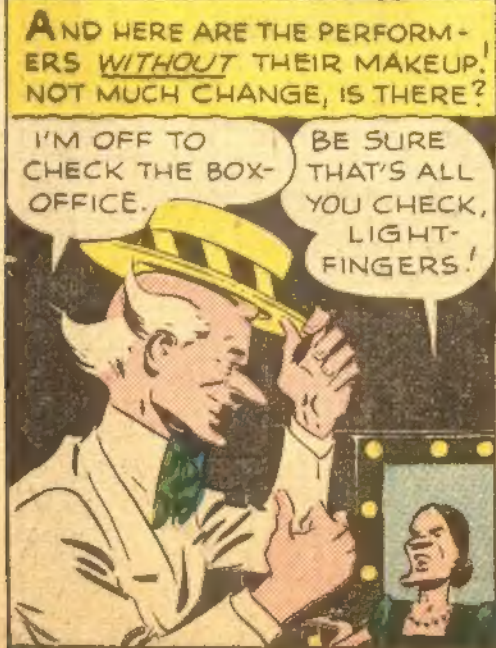
A **CROOKED** CARNIVAL! HONEST CARNIVALS AR GOOD, CLEAN FUN, BUT GRIFT SHOWS SWINDLE THE CHUMPS PLAYING CONCESSION GAMES! I'M WONDERING ABOUT THIS ONE...

GRIFT SHOW?

AND HERE ARE THE PERFORMERS WITHOUT THEIR MAKEUP! NOT MUCH CHANGE, IS THERE?

I'M OFF TO CHECK THE BOX-OFFICE.

BE SURE THAT'S ALL YOU CHECK, LIGHT-FINGERS!



NOW LOOK WHO'S COMING FROM THE PUNCH AND JUDY TENT...

NICE, HAVING A CARNIVAL OPEN ON AN EMPTY PARKING LOT RIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF GOTHAM CITY, EH, BRUCE?

THOSE CONCESSION GAMES ARE GETTING PLENTY OF PLAY. IF IT'S A GRIFT SHOW, IT'S A SMART ONE!



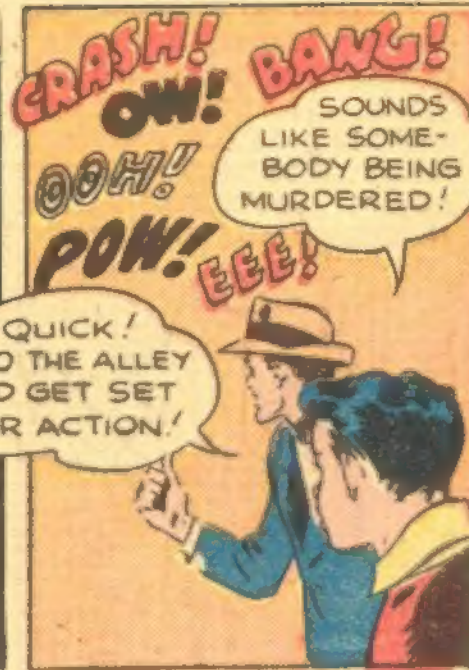
**THROW DARTS**  
PRIZES - PRIZES





ONE HOUR LATER, IN THE HOTEL OPPOSITE THE CAR-NIVAL GROUNDS...

HI!



**CRASH! OW! BANG!**  
**OOH! POW! EEE!**  
SOUNDS LIKE SOME-BODY BEING MURDERED!

IT'S COMING FROM UP HERE!

**OOH! POW! CRASH!**

BUT, DEAR, THAT TEN-SPOT GOT IN MY POCKET BY ACCIDENT! YOU KNOW I'M HONEST!

HONEST? YOU'D STEAL A HOT STOVE AND COME BACK FOR THE SMOKE!

JUDY, YOU'RE GOING TO AGGRAVATE ME!

PUNCH, I'M GOING TO MASSACRE YOU!

WHOA! END OF THE FIRST ROUND! LAY THAT UTENSIL DOWN, BABE!

GOODNESS! VISITORS!



NOW IF YOU TWO WOULD ONLY CALM DOWN...

SOME NERVE! A HUSBAND N' WIFE CAN'T HAVE A FRIENDLY LITTLE ARGUMENT WITHOUT SOME MASQUERADERS BUTTING IN!



GATE-CRASHER! RUBBERNECKER! NOSY NED!

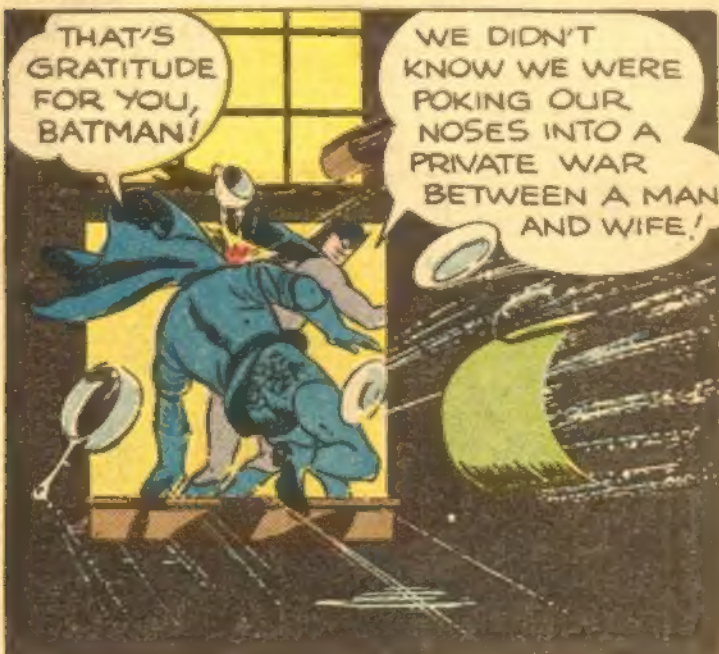
HEY!

HEY! CUT THAT OUT OR I'LL...



POKENOSE! SCRAM! BLOW!

MAYBE YOU CAN'T TAKE A HINT, ROBIN... BUT I CAN!



THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU, BATMAN!

WE DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE POKING OUR NOSES INTO A PRIVATE WAR BETWEEN A MAN AND WIFE!



WAIT A MINUTE! I THINK I KNOW WHO THEY ARE! FROM THE PUPPET SHOW —

THAT'S RIGHT! PETER PUNCH AND WIFE JUDY! HMM... THEY BATTLE ONSTAGE... AND OFF!



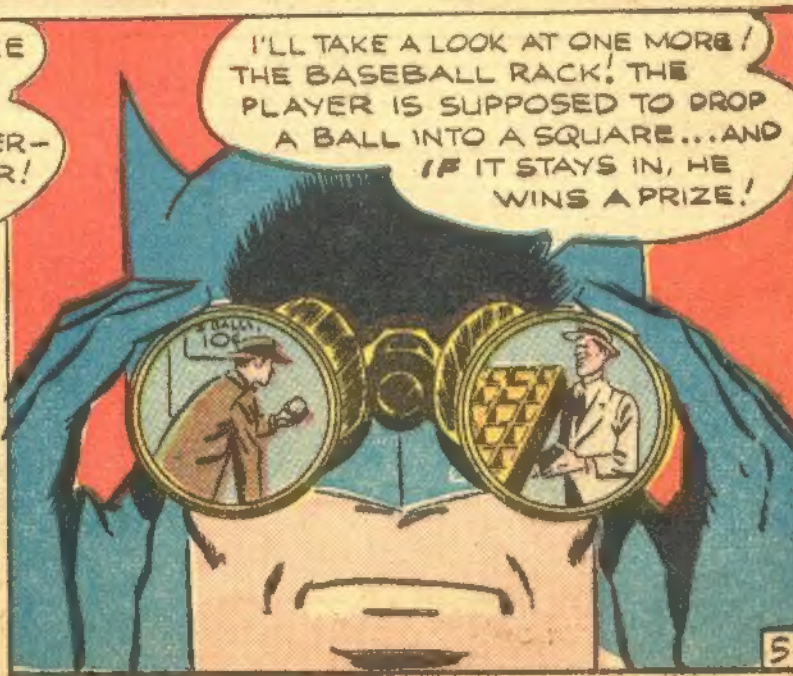
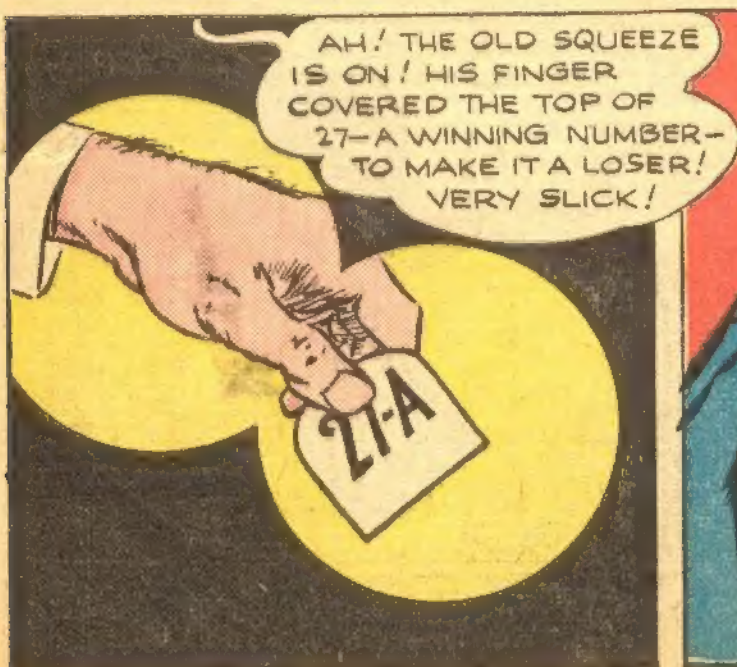
NOW, PUNCH, LET'S GET BACK WHERE WE LEFT OFF!

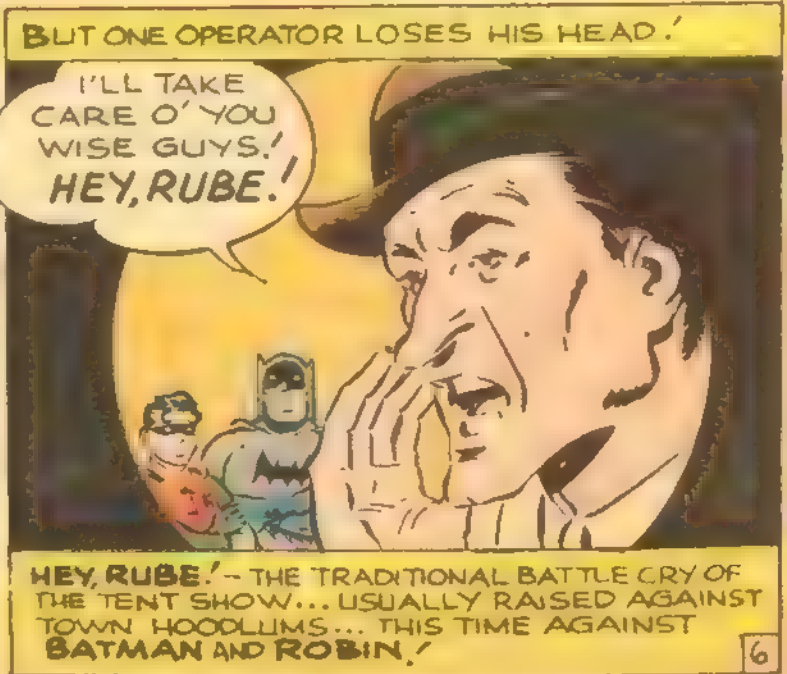
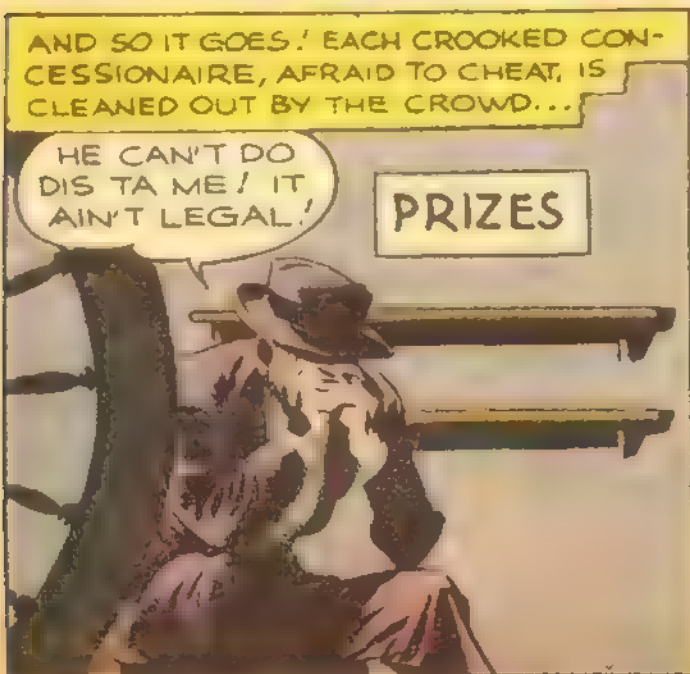
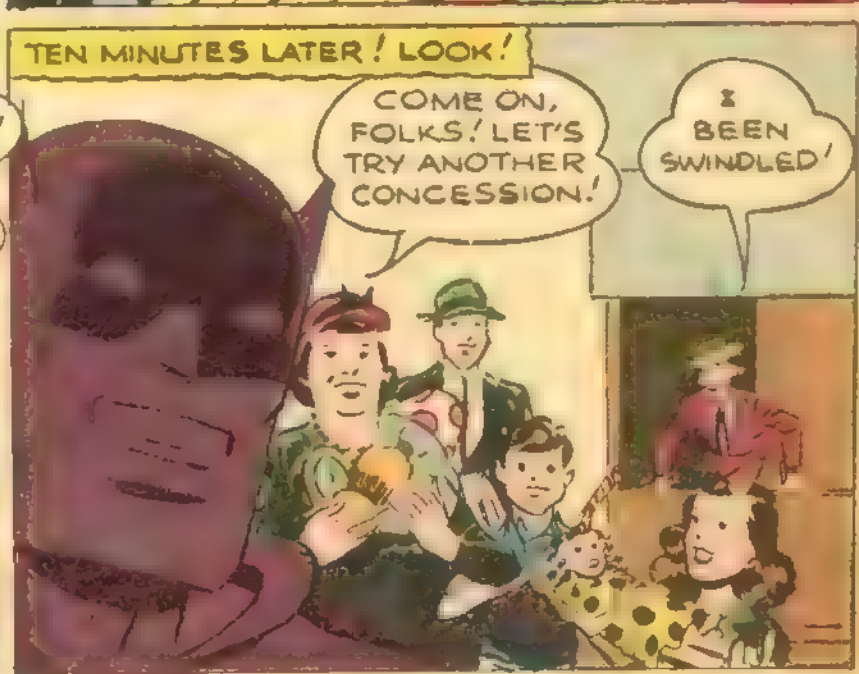
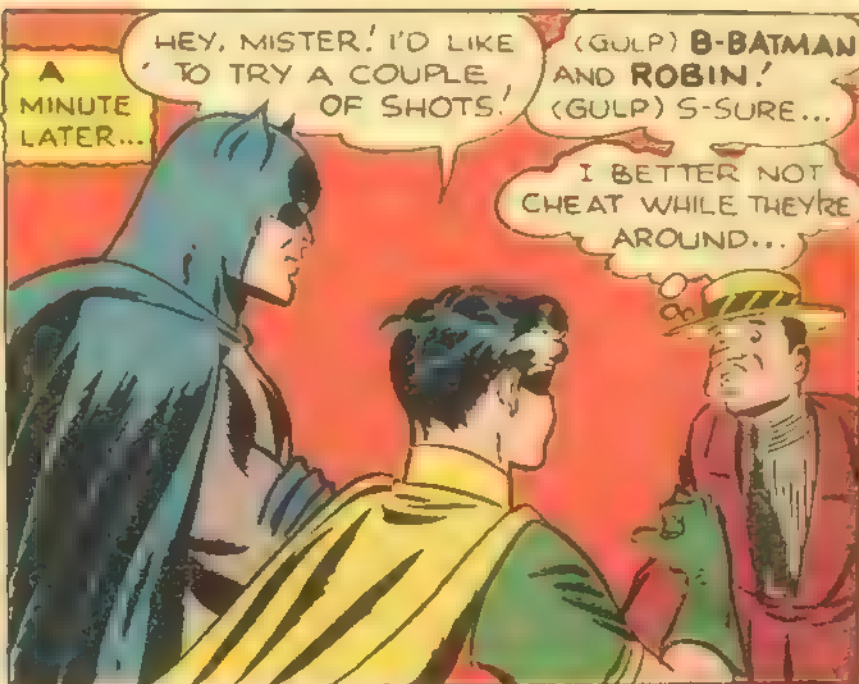
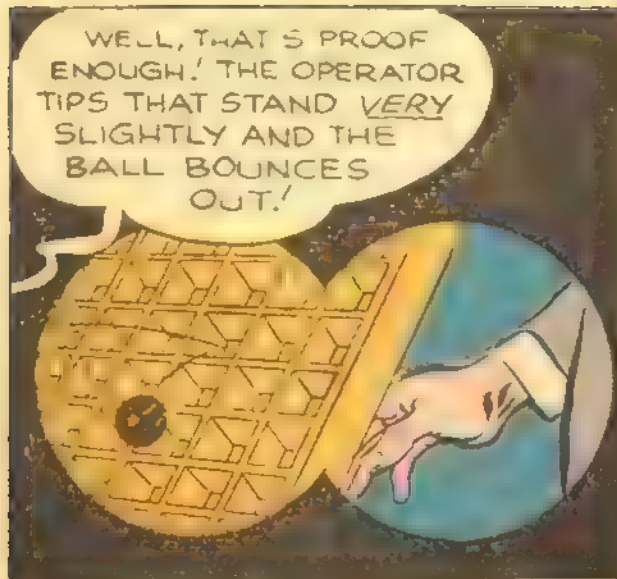
HOLD IT, JUDY! DIDN'T YOU CATCH THAT GUY'S MONIKER? **BATMAN!**

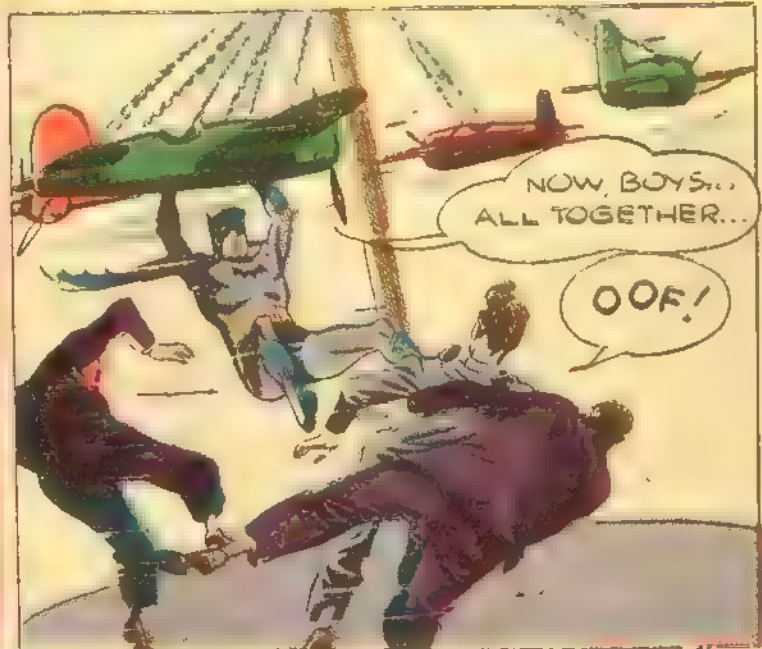
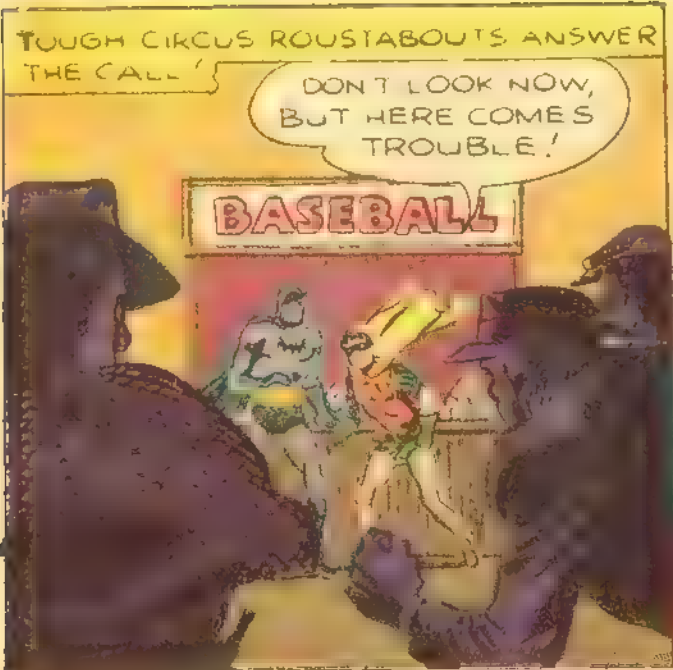


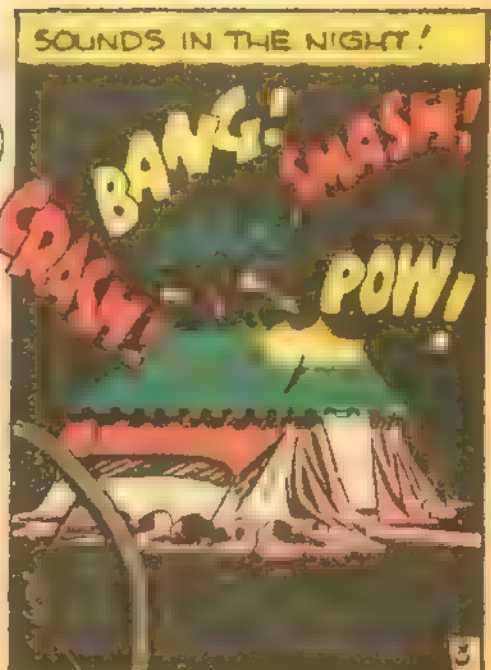
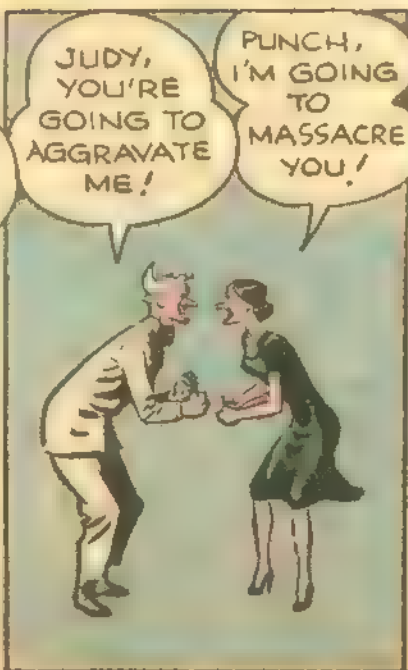
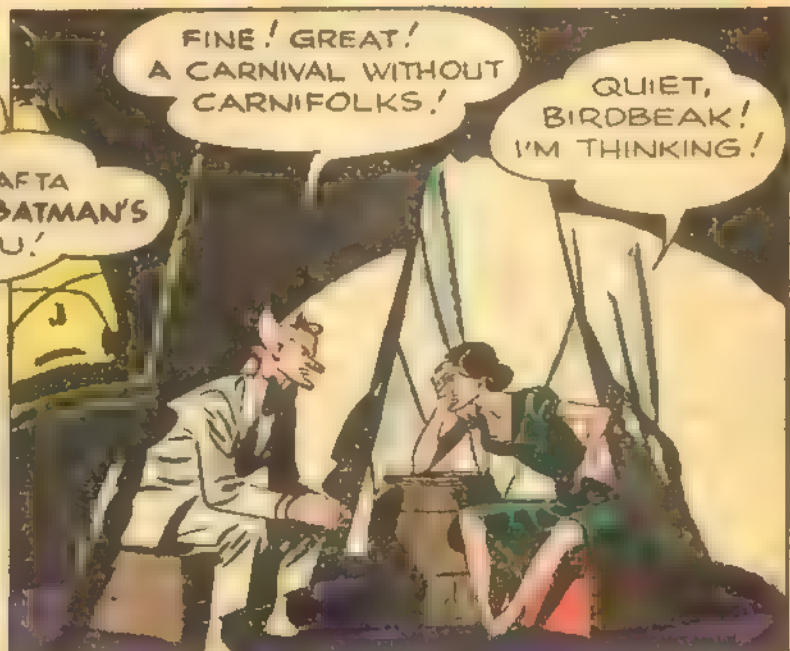
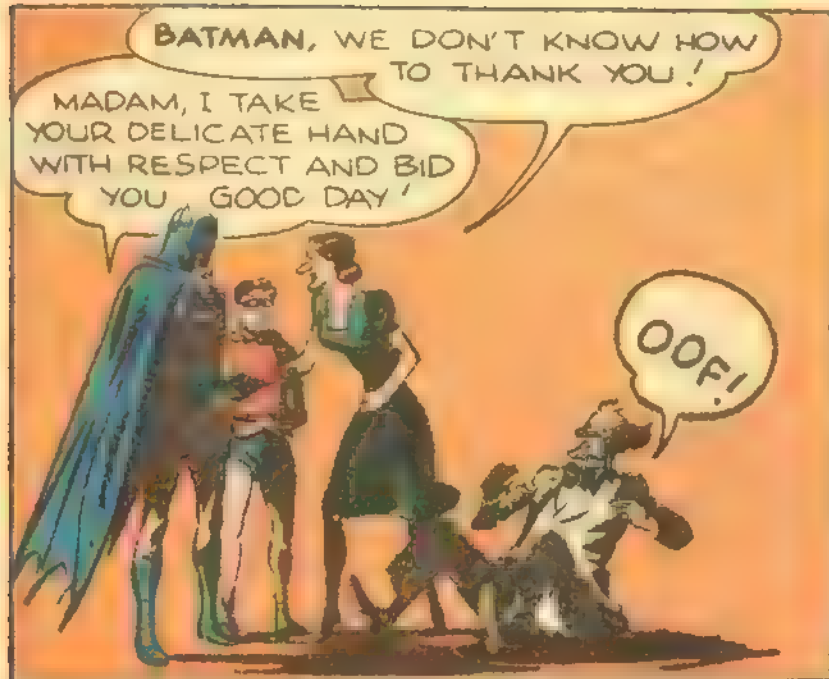
OH, MY GOSH! SO **BATMAN'S** BACK! CALL THE CONCESSION GANG! FAST!

JUST WHEN THINGS WERE GOING SO GOOD, TOO!











**COMES THE CALM!**

PUNCH, MY BRAIN-BOX IS TICKING OUT AN IDEA! **BATMAN** IS GOING TO BE OUR FALL-GUY!

JUDY... Y-YOU SURE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT? MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE CONKED YOU ON THE HEAD SO HARD!

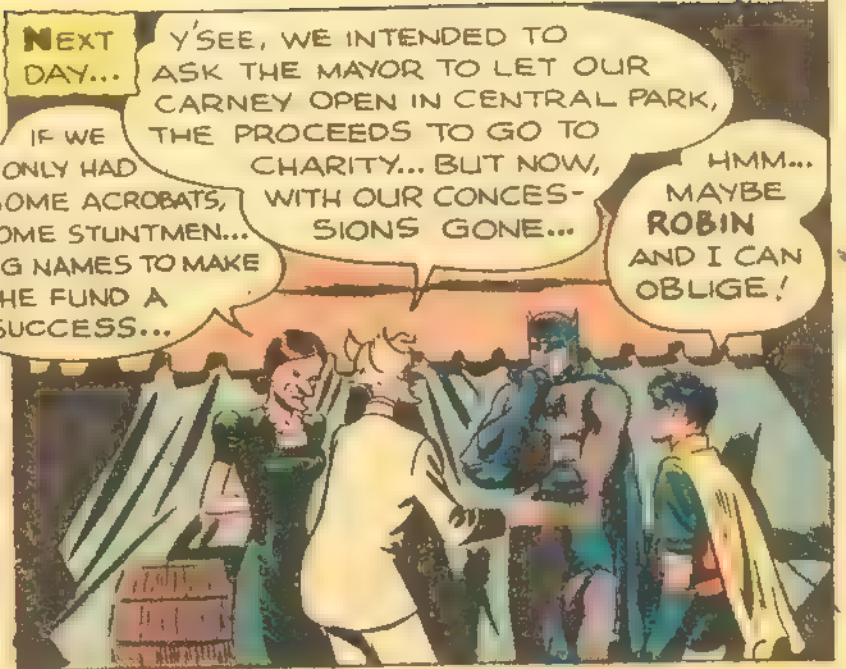


**NEXT DAY...**

Y'SEE, WE INTENDED TO ASK THE MAYOR TO LET OUR CARNEY OPEN IN CENTRAL PARK, THE PROCEEDS TO GO TO CHARITY... BUT NOW, WITH OUR CONCESSIONS GONE...

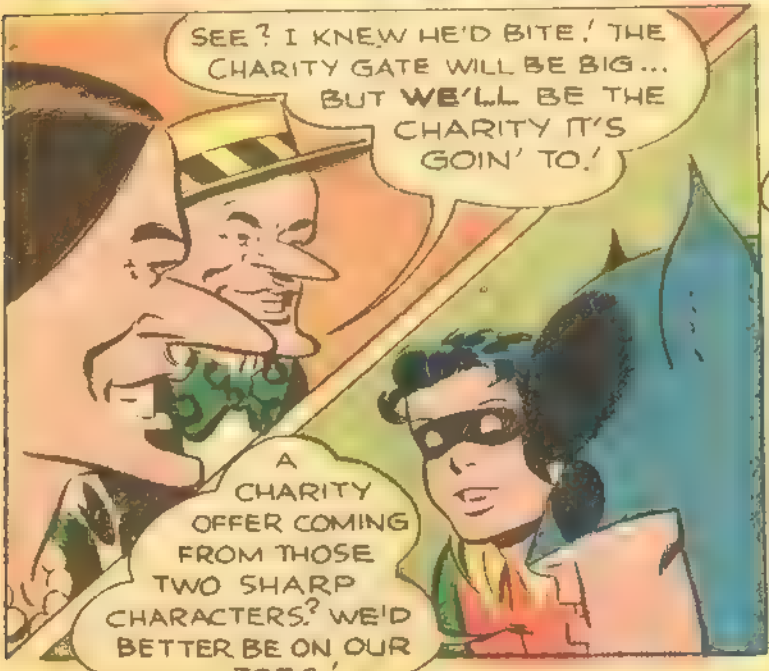
HMM... MAYBE **ROBIN** AND I CAN OBLIGE!

IF WE ONLY HAD SOME ACROBATS, SOME STUNTMEN... BIG NAMES TO MAKE THE FUND A SUCCESS...



SEE? I KNEW HE'D BITE! THE CHARITY GATE WILL BE BIG... BUT WE'LL BE THE CHARITY IT'S GOIN' TO!

A CHARITY OFFER COMING FROM THOSE TWO SHARP CHARACTERS? WE'D BETTER BE ON OUR TOES!

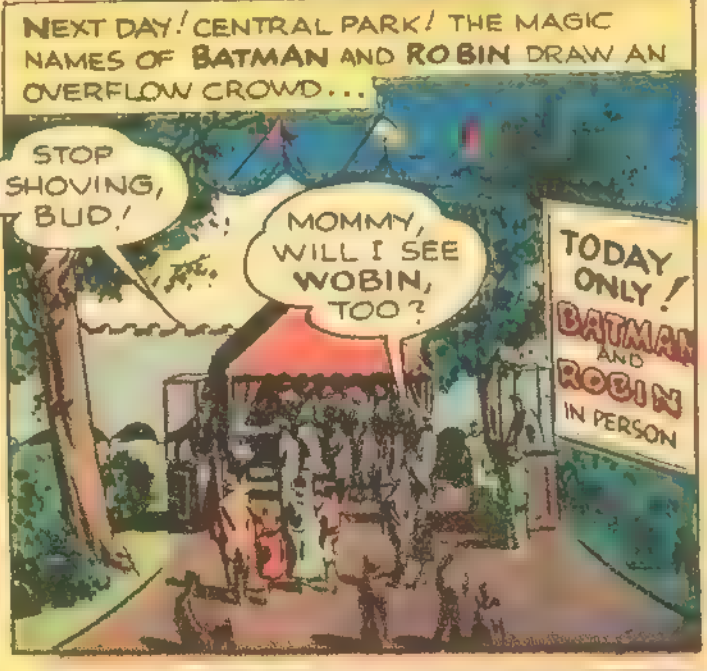


**NEXT DAY! CENTRAL PARK! THE MAGIC NAMES OF BATMAN AND ROBIN DRAW AN OVERFLOW CROWD...**

STOP SHOVING, BUD!

MOMMY, WILL I SEE WOBIN, TOO?

TODAY ONLY! **BATMAN AND ROBIN** IN PERSON

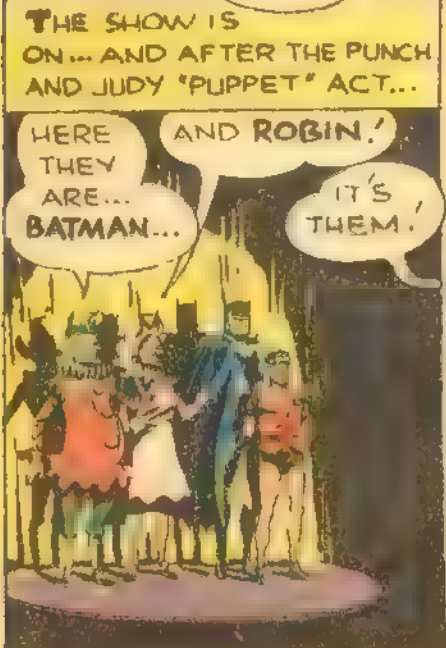


**THE SHOW IS ON... AND AFTER THE PUNCH AND JUDY 'PUPPET' ACT...**

HERE THEY ARE... **BATMAN...**

AND **ROBIN!**

IT'S THEM!



**THE CROWD IS TENSE AS MAN AND BOY HURTLE THROUGH A SERIES OF DARE-DEVIL THRILLS!**





# BATMAN



AND NOW, THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL AERIAL STUNTS! AT 12,000 FEET IN THE SKY, **BATMAN** WILL FLY LIKE A HUMAN BAT! **PRESENTING - THE BATMAN GLIDE!**



**ROBIN**, I'VE A HUNCH IF THEY DO ANYTHING, IT WILL BE NOW.. WHILE I'M STUCK UP IN THE SKY! KEEP TABS ON PUNCH AND JUDY!



OKAY... AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

**THE INSTANT THE PLANE TAKES OFF, PUNCH AND JUDY HURRY TO THE PUPPET TENT..**

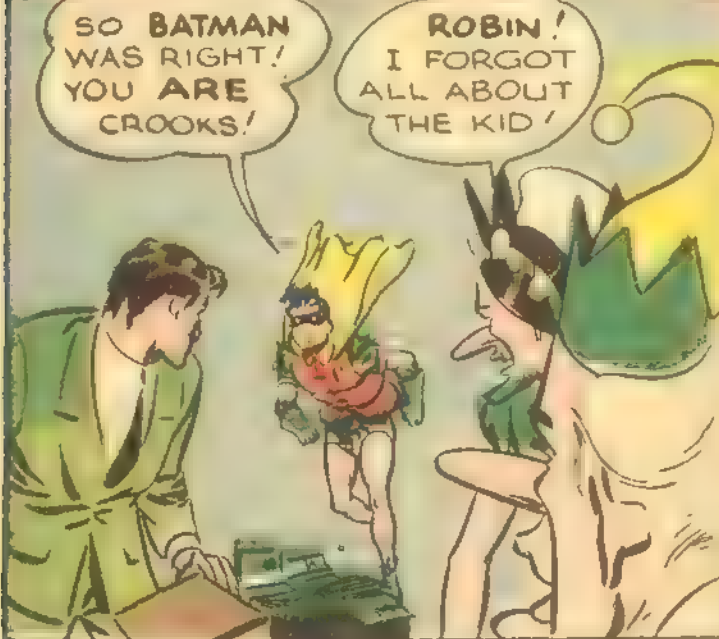
YOU TIMED IT OKAY! I SOLD EVERY TICKET! HERE'S THE DOUGH! COMES TO PLENTY... AND DON'T FORGET MY CUT!

DON'T WORRY, PETE... THERE'S ENOUGH FOR THE THREE OF US! NOW LET'S BLOW BEFORE **BATMAN** LANDS!



SO **BATMAN** WAS RIGHT! YOU ARE CROOKS!

**ROBIN!** I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE KID!



OH!

THAT'S RIGHT, KID... WE'RE CROOKS!



SEE, I FIX THINGS RIGHT! I EVEN FIXED **BATMAN**! I CUT HIS CHUTE ROPES! BOY, IS HE GONNA TAKE A BOUNCE!

Y-YOU CUT THE CHUTE ROPES?

BUT THAT'S MURDER! ME'N JUDY DON'T MIND DOING SWINDLES... BUT MURDER! COUNT US OUT!

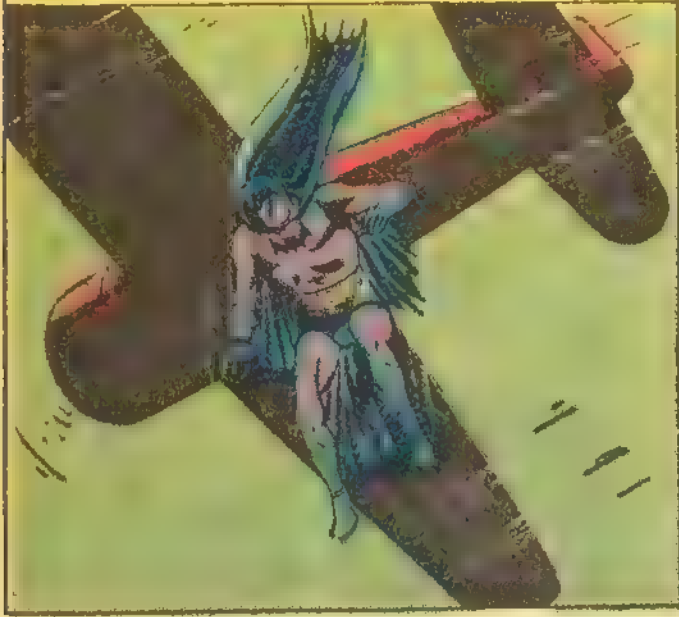


OKAY, THEN YOU'RE OUT... ALL THE WAY! YOU'RE GOIN' TO TIE EACH OTHER UP, I'LL TAKE **ALL** THE DOUGH AND SCRAM!

DOUBLE-CROSSED!



AT THAT INSTANT, 12,000 FEET ABOVE EARTH, BATMAN STEPS INTO SPACE!



DIVING EARTH-WARD AT 60 MILES PER HOUR, WEBBED WINGS FLAPPING, BATMAN BEGINS HIS FLIGHT!

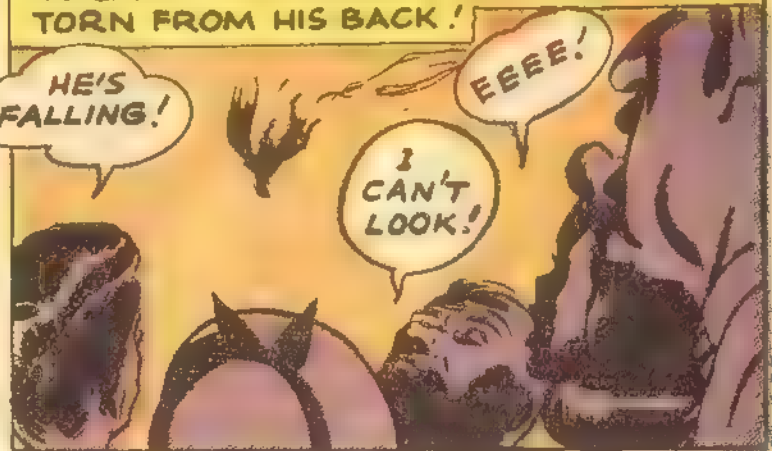


AT 5,000 FEET, BATMAN PULLS THE RIPCORD OF HIS CHUTE! IT MUSHROOMS OPEN - AND IS TORN FROM HIS BACK!

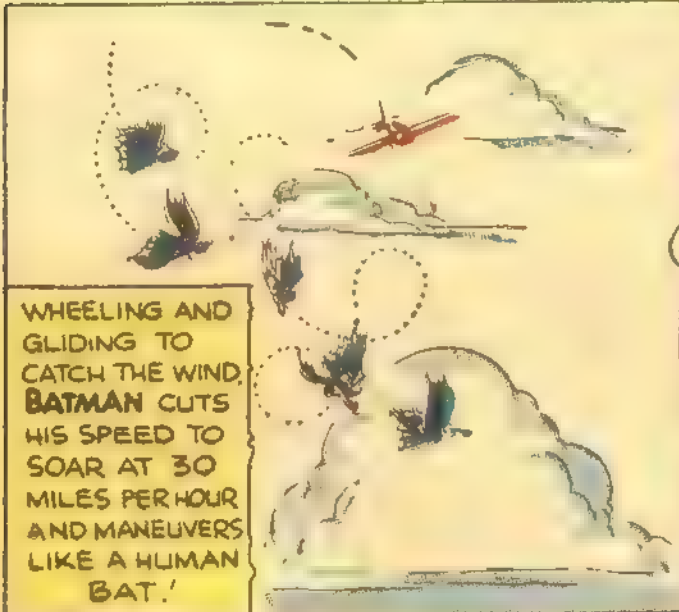
HE'S FALLING!

EEEE!

I CAN'T LOOK!



WHEELING AND GLIDING TO CATCH THE WIND, BATMAN CUTS HIS SPEED TO SOAR AT 30 MILES PER HOUR AND MANEUVERS LIKE A HUMAN BAT!



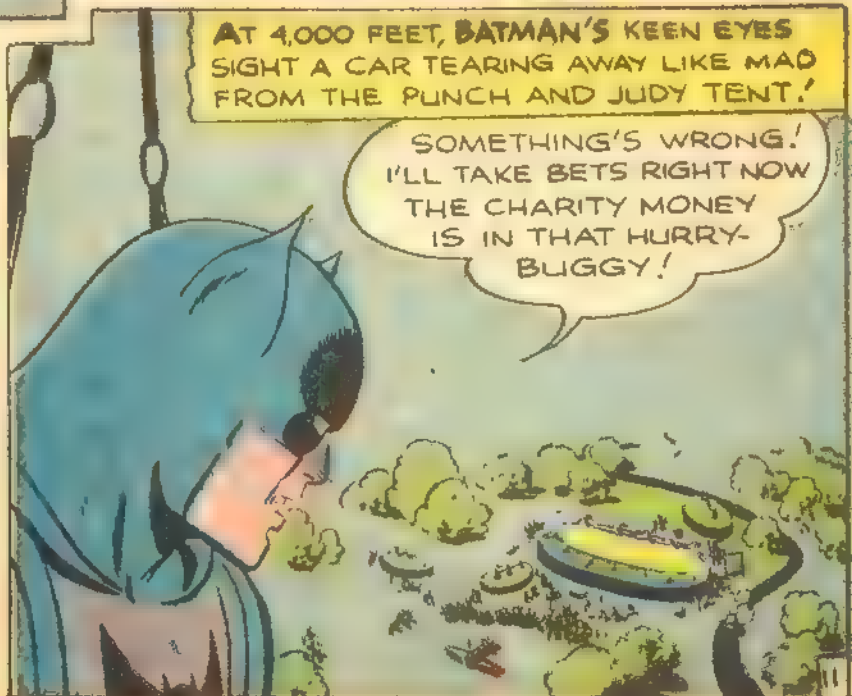
BUT... BATMAN HAS A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE... A SECOND CHUTE!

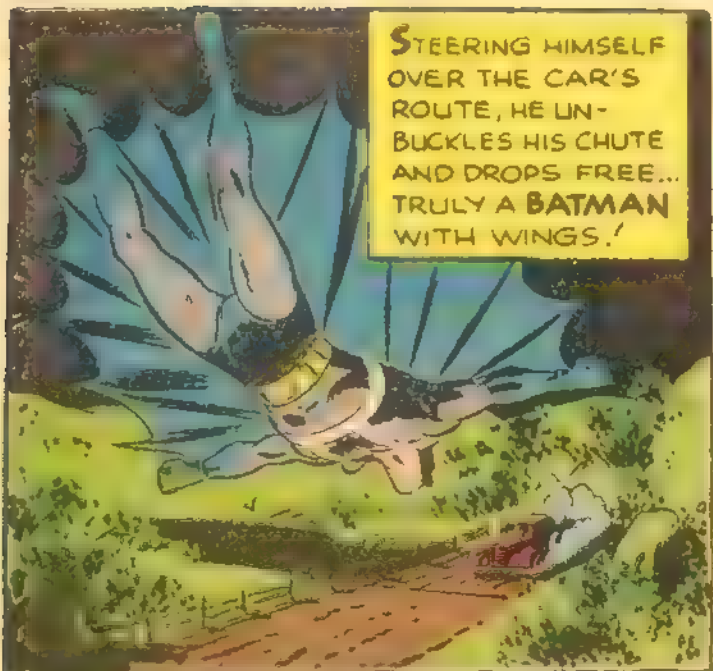


IT'S A GOOD THING I HAVE FORE-SIGHT!

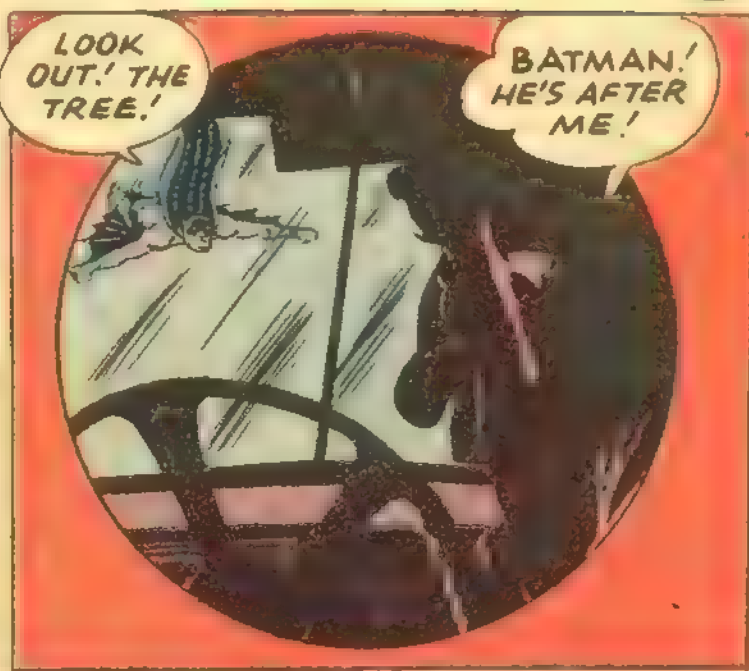
AT 4,000 FEET, BATMAN'S KEEN EYES SIGHT A CAR TEARING AWAY LIKE MAD FROM THE PUNCH AND JUDY TENT!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'LL TAKE BETS RIGHT NOW THE CHARITY MONEY IS IN THAT HURRY-BUGGY!





STEERING HIMSELF OVER THE CAR'S ROUTE, HE UN-BUCKLES HIS CHUTE AND DROPS FREE... TRULY A **BATMAN** WITH WINGS!

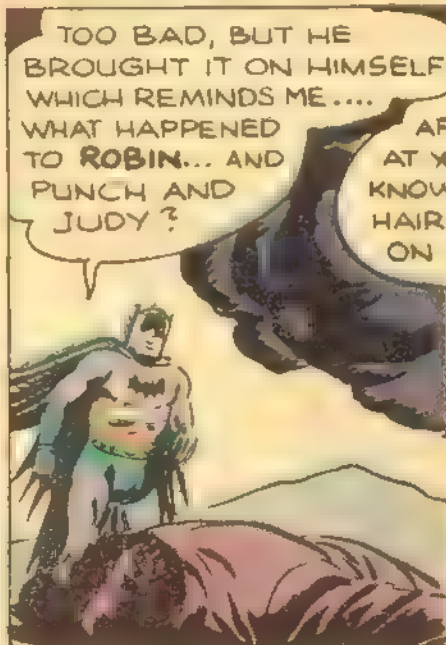


LOOK OUT! THE TREE!

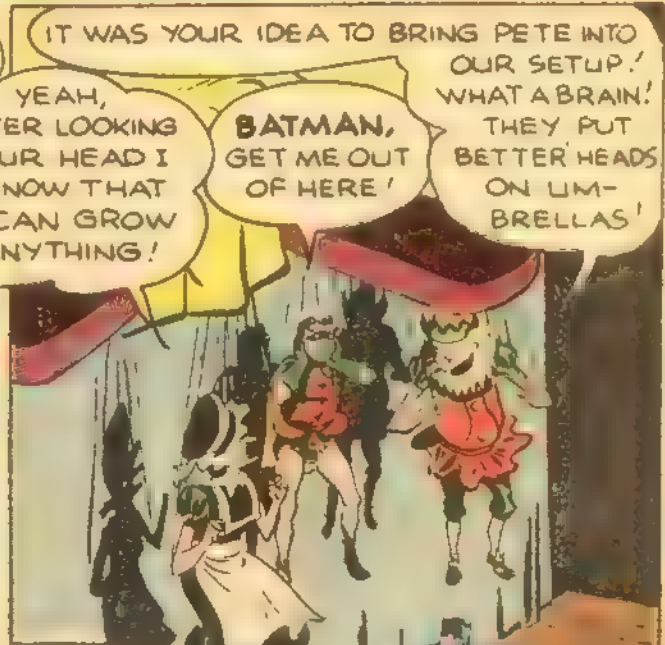
BATMAN! HE'S AFTER ME!



AGHH!



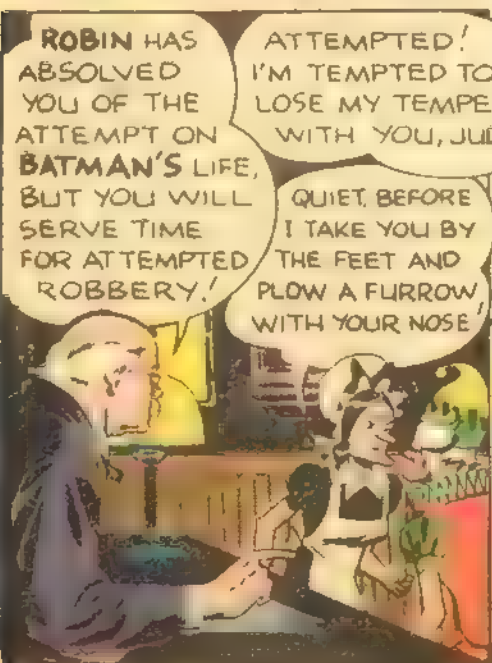
TOO BAD, BUT HE BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF! WHICH REMINDS ME.... WHAT HAPPENED TO **ROBIN**... AND PUNCH AND JUDY?



IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO BRING PETE INTO OUR SETUP! WHAT A BRAIN! THEY PUT BETTER HEADS ON UMBRELLAS!

BATMAN, GET ME OUT OF HERE!

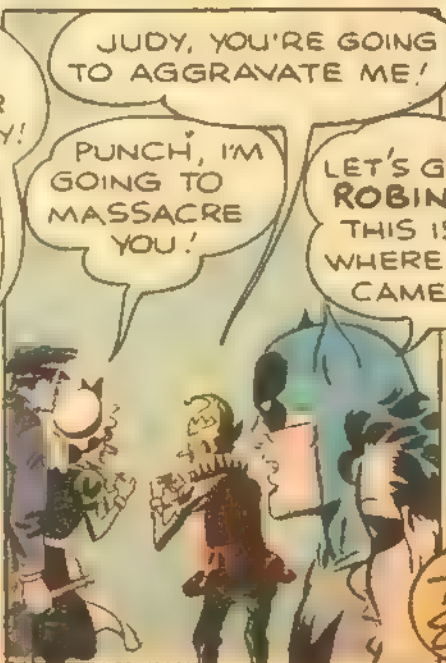
YEAH, AFTER LOOKING AT YOUR HEAD I KNOW NOW THAT HAIR CAN GROW ON ANYTHING!



**ROBIN** HAS ABSOLVED YOU OF THE ATTEMPT ON **BATMAN'S** LIFE, BUT YOU WILL SERVE TIME FOR ATTEMPTED ROBBERY!

ATTEMPTED! I'M TEMPTED TO LOSE MY TEMPER WITH YOU, JUDY!

QUIET, BEFORE I TAKE YOU BY THE FEET AND PLOW A FURROW WITH YOUR NOSE!



JUDY, YOU'RE GOING TO AGGRAVATE ME!

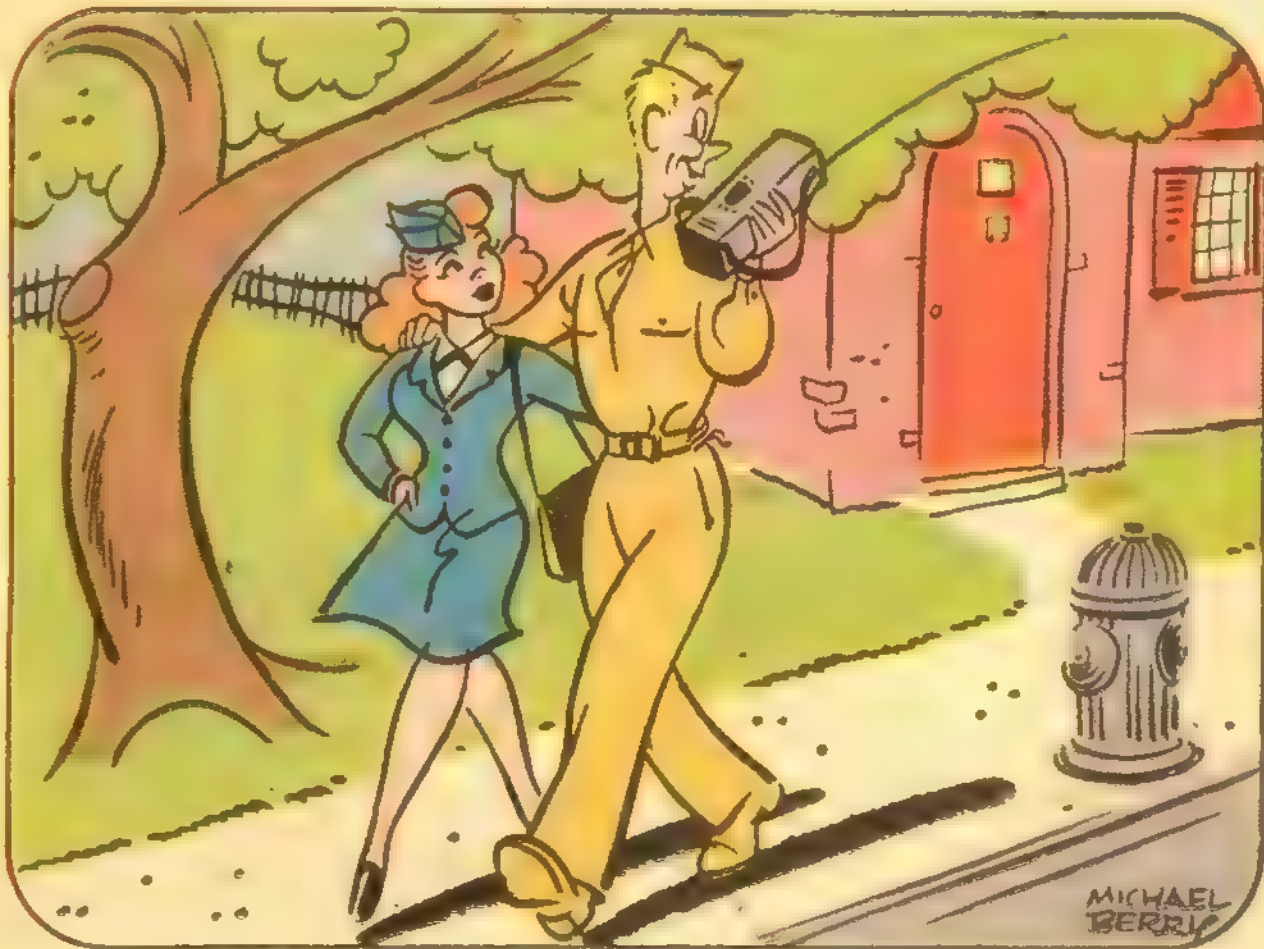
PUNCH, I'M GOING TO MASSACRE YOU!

LET'S GO, **ROBIN**! THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN!

**A**NOTHER EPISODE OF THAT AFFECTIONATE COUPLE, PUNCH AND JUDY, COMING SOON! Watch for it!

The End

# ***LIGHTER MOMENTS*** with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



*"Just a minute, sarge, until I switch over to short wave."*

*"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the Doughboy Does It!"*

**GOOD NEWS—** Eveready® "Mini-Max" batteries are back!

Since Pearl Harbor, they have powered the famous walkies-talkies and other vital equipment for our Armed Forces.

Now the War Production Board has authorized production of these famous "B" batteries for civilian radios. Chances are, you'll find them at your dealer's now.

Remember — size for size "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries are the most powerful "B" batteries ever made.

*The registered trade marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.*



# **EVEREADY**

# YOUR COACH:

# Bernie Bierman

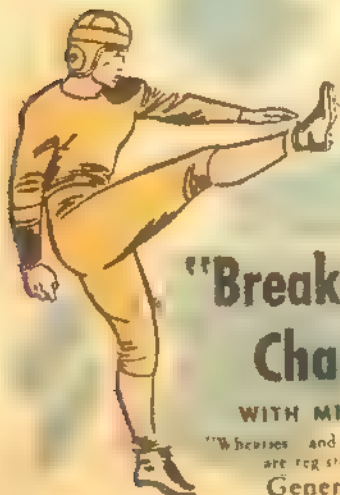


## LEARN YOUR FOOTBALL FUNDAMENTALS FROM THE CHAMPION COACH OF MINNESOTA'S FAMOUS GOLDEN GOPHERS

**START NOW** to play champion-style. Bierman-brand football. **GET** your copy of "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?"—32-page, picture-packed, book by the great coach of the record-breaking Minnesota teams. Bernie Bierman, **FAMOUS DEVELOPER OF ALL-AMERICANS**, shows you just how to kick, pass, tackle, block, and run—gives you many of the same tips he gives his national championship teams. Yes! There's real inside dope on playing your game the champion way in Wheaties new Library of Sports books. Here's the all-star line-up:  
 1. Want to be a Football Champion? 2. Want to be a Baseball Champion? 3. Want to be a Basketball Champion? (For Boys) 4. Want to be a Swimming Champion? 5. Want to be a Golf Champion? (For Boys) 6. Want to be a Tennis Champion? (For Girls) 7. Want to be a Softball Champion? 8. Want to be a Bowling Champion? 9. Want to be a Basketball Champion? (For Girls) 10. Want to be a Tennis Champion? (For Boys) 11. Want to be a Track and Field Champion? (Track Events) 12. Want to be a Track and Field Champion? (Field Events) 13. Want to be a Golf Champion? (For Girls) 14. Want to be a Home and Neighborhood Games Champion? **START YOUR COLLECTION** with any two books. Circle title numbers in coupon below—and mail today!

### BERNIE BIERMAN SAYS:

"I'm in favor of a big breakfast for the boys on my teams—one that includes lots of food energy and other important nourishment, like you get in that well-known 'Breakfast of Champions.' Those toasted whole wheat flakes called Wheaties, with plenty of milk and fruit, make a mighty fine training dish. And I notice Wheaties have a keen flavor that rates ace high with hungry football players."



## "Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc."

### USE COUPON BELOW

ORDER YOUR BOOKS TODAY

Wheaties Library of Sports, Dept. 109  
Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please send me the champion books I have circled below. I enclose ONE star from top of Wheaties package and 10¢ for each set of TWO books.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
		10	11	12	13	14		

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

# THE Adventures of ALFRED

VERSATILE IS THE WORD FOR ALFRED, BUTLER EXTRAORDINARY! USUALLY HE'S A MAN OF ACTION... BUT WHEN NEED ARISES, DON'T BE SURPRISED TO FIND HIM A CALM, THOUGHTFUL STUDENT OF SKULLDUGGERY, WHO SOLVES MYSTERIES AND COMBATS CRIME AS...



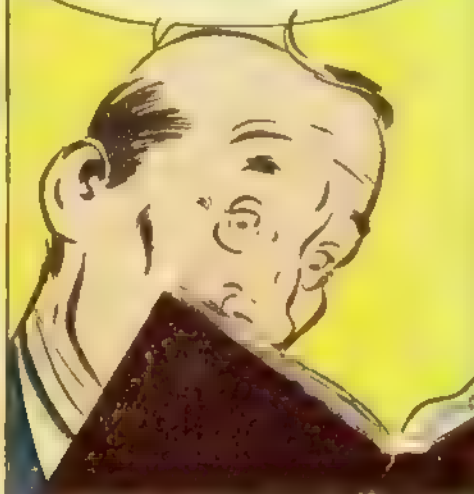
"ALFRED, ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE!"

HIS DUTIES AS BUTLER IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME TEMPORARILY FINISHED, ALFRED RELAXES...

BY JOVE, THIS DETECTIVE IS UNBELIEVABLE!



THE BAFFLED POLICE BRING HIM THEIR CLUES... AND WITHOUT STIRRING FROM HIS ARMCHAIR, HE SOLVES THE ENTIRE CASE FOR THEM!



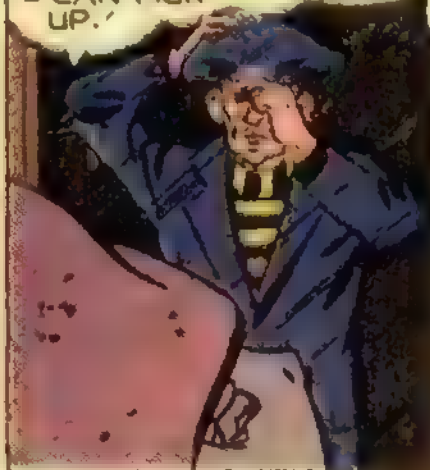
WHAT DREADFUL TOSH! QUITE UNTRUE TO LIFE, AS I SHOULD KNOW!



I CAN'T IMAGINE A CASE LIKE THIS BEING SOLVED BY ARMCHAIR METHODS! THE ONLY WAY TO BRING THESE CRIMINALS TO JUSTICE IS TO GO AFTER THEM!



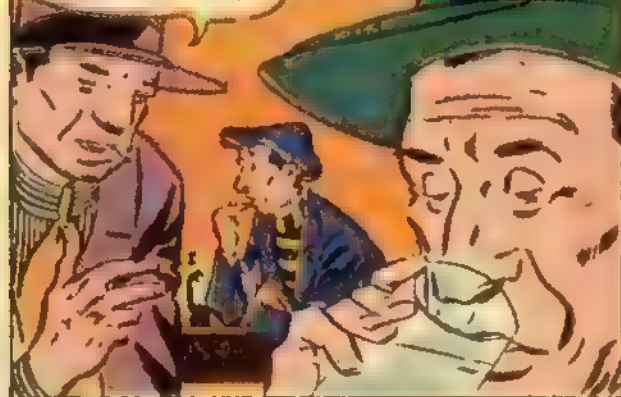
WHICH I INTEND TO DO! THIS DISGUISE WILL CONCEAL MY IDENTITY PERFECTLY... I SHALL FREQUENT THE HAUNTS OF CRIMINALS, AND SEE WHAT INFORMATION I CAN PICK UP.



AND SO, PRESENTLY, AFTER VISITING VARIOUS OTHER DENS OF CRIME, WE FIND THE BRAVE BUTLER IN THE DEAD COPPER BAR AND GRILL...

LISTEN, STUBBY, DAT LAST JOB DIDN'T PAN OUT SO GOOD. WE GOTTA DO BETTER NEXT TIME.

YEAH, DIS GUY WE'RE DOIN' BUSINESS WID..



HE THINKS DAT JUST BECAUSE WE'RE CROOKS...

OH, OH, THEY'RE MOVING AWAY... AND THIS MAY BE IMPORTANT. I MUST HEAR WHAT THEY SAY!



HEY, WHO'S DIS GUY TRYIN' TA LISTEN IN?

ER, PARDON ME, GENTS... I IMAGINED... I MEAN, I T'UGHT YOU GUYS WAS TALKIN' TA ME!



LISTEN, CHUM, WHAT WE'RE SAYIN' AIN'T NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS, SEE? AND IF YA KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YA, YA'LL KEEP YER SCHNOZZLE OUTTA IT!

BY JO... OKAY, PAL, OKAY, DON'T GETCHERSELF EXCITED ABOUT IT. BENNY DA MOPE KIN MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS!



WHEW, LUCKY THEY DIDN'T SUSPECT WHO I REALLY AM! I HATE TO THINK WHAT THEY'D HAVE DONE IF THEY REALIZED...



UNEXPECTEDLY...

WHAT...?



WE AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES! INTO DA NEXT ROOM WID 'IM, WILLIE!

HE MUST BE A STOOL PIGEON FOR DA COPPERS!

NOW, DA FOIST T'ING, IS TA FIGGER WHAT TA DO WID DA SAP'S BODY...

BY JOVE, THIS IS SERIOUS! I MUST ESCAPE!

AS ALFRED STRUGGLES VAINLY WITH HIS BONDS...

HEY... WHAT'S DAT NOISE?

BUMP! BUMP!

IT COULD BE DA COPS KNOCKIN' AT DA DOOR... COME ON, LET'S GET HIM OUT DA BACK WAY!

AND SO, MOMENTS LATER, WE FIND THE SOMEWHAT BEWILDERED BUTLER...

MAYBE DA BEST T'ING WOULD BE TA TAKE HIM TO DA RIVER...

WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING ME... ALL I CAN HEAR IS AN INDISTINCT MUMBLE OF WORDS!

AT THAT MOMENT, AS THE TRUCK ENTERS UPON A LONG DOWN-WARD STRETCH...

OH, OH, I'M SLIDING...

IT'S LIKE I SAID BEFORE, STUBBY...

OWW... MY HEAD!

BOO

IT'S A CINCINCH FER US TA PULL DEM JOBS WID DIS VAN TUVEL COOPERATIN' ... BEIN' SOCIETY HE GOES EVERYWHERE, CASES DA JERNTS FER US AND TIPS US OFF WHEN TA ROB DEM!

IS... HE TREATS US LIKE DOIT!

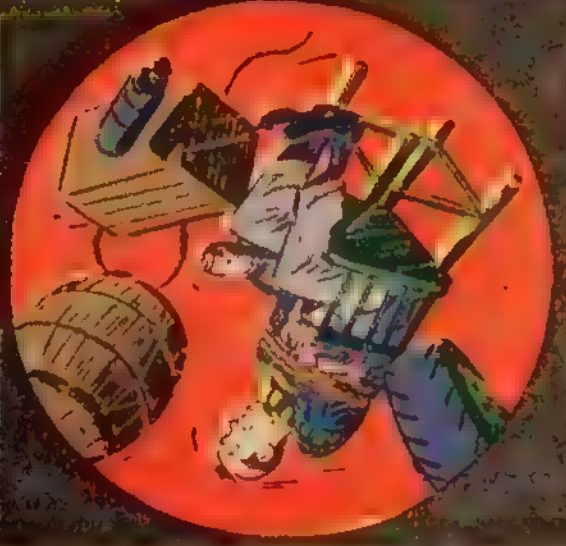
TROUBLE

YEAH, HE WANTS ALL DA GRAVY.

GREAT SCOTT, I'VE LEARNED THE WHOLE SECRET OF THOSE PENTHOUSE ROBBERIES... IF I CAN ONLY LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TELL IT TO THE POLICE!

PERHAPS IF I CAN CRASH TO THE FLOOR AND BREAK THE CHAIR, MY BONDS WILL LOOSEN. I'LL TRY TO LEAN TO THE SIDE...

BUT UNEXPECTEDLY, THE LUMBERING VEHICLE STRIKES A DEEP RUT IN THE ROAD...



HEY... WHAT...

**CRASH**

**HONK**

HELP!

**CRASH!**

AND AS THE POLICE ARRIVE...

OFFICER, THOSE MEN ARE THE PENTHOUSE ROBBERS... ARREST THEM!

STUBBY STUBBS AND HIS GANG... YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BUD!

LATER, IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME ONCE MORE...

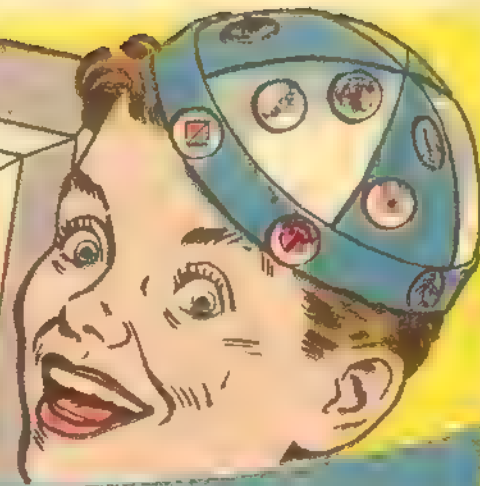
ALFRED, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! IT'S OBVIOUS NOW THAT THOSE PENTHOUSE ROBBERS HAD INSIDE HELP...

IT WAS SIMPLY A MATTER OF USING THE OLD BEAN MAWSTER DICK. I THOUGHT IT COULDN'T BE DONE... BUT I SOLVED THE CASE WITHOUT STIRRING FROM MY ARMCHAIR!

HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO PUT THE CLUES TOGETHER?

THE END

Now Grown! Get More  
GREAT PRIZES!



# Swell MILITARY

## INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE

# BUTTONS

One in Every  
package of PEP

**B**ELLOWS and gals! Be sure you don't miss up on these authentic, colorful military insignia and warplane buttons! There's one in every package of your favorite, crisp, crunchy cereal—Kellogg's PEP! And are they terrific!

You'll have loads of fun trading them with your gang—just to see who gets a full set of 22 different buttons first! Every button is made of real metal, shiny and smart, in actual colors of the regulation army, navy and marine insignia.

It's a cinch to get these grand buttons. Nothing to mail or send in. Just tell Mom to get you a package of PEP, open the package—and there's your button, ready to pin on your sweater jacket or cap!

And tell Mom how mighty good Kellogg's PEP is for you. Delicious wheat flakes—chock-full of whole-grain nourishment—with added amounts of vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and vitamin D to help you grow into a fellow "who's got what it takes!" Get your Kellogg's PEP today and get your prize button!

DESIGNS! Get 'em all!



385th  
Bombardment  
Squadron  
(ACTUAL SIZE)



70th  
Bombardment  
Squadron



25th  
Bombardment  
Squadron



41st  
Bombardment  
Squadron



94th Pursuit  
Squadron



2nd  
Bombardment  
Squadron

96th  
Bombardment  
Squadron

VB-13 VO-3

431st  
Bombardment  
Squadron

17th  
Bombardment  
Squadron

34th  
Bombardment  
Squadron

56th  
Bombardment  
Squadron

99th  
Bombardment  
Squadron

27th  
Fighter  
Squadron

424th  
Bombardment  
Squadron

53rd  
Bombardment  
Squadron

Consolidated  
Vultee B-24  
Liberator

Boeing B-29  
Superfortress

Republic P-47  
Thunderbolt

Lockheed  
Lightning P-38

44th Fighter  
Squadron

SPECIAL PEP BENNIE



# SUPERMAN

on the air—for more exciting details about PEP and these great prizes. See your paper for station and time.

# BATMAN

BOB KANE

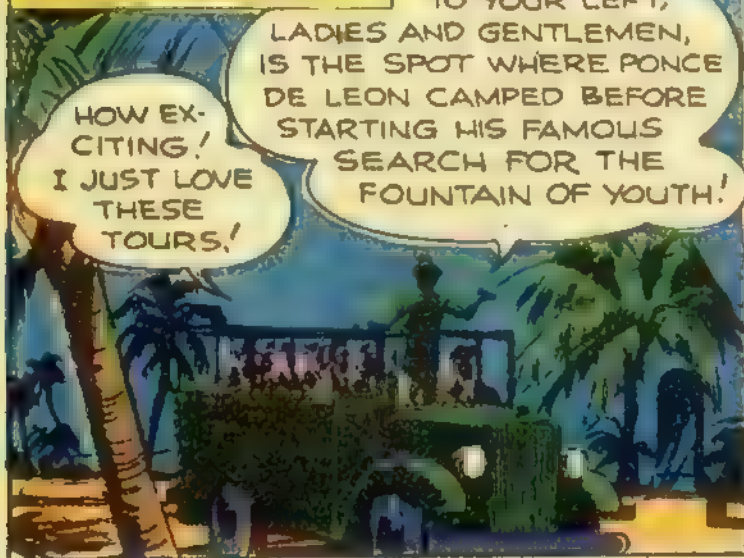
WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WHO

CROOKS DISAPPEAR! WELL, THAT'S NOTHING NEW! THE POLICE HUNT HIGH AND LOW AND FAR AND WIDE, BUT THE CRIMINALS HAVE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR. THAT'S NOTHING NEW, EITHER. BUT WHEN A WHOLE VILLAGE DISAPPEARS, LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL, THAT IS NEW! AND IT'S ALSO DANGEROUS - DANGEROUS FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN WHEN THEY SET OUT TO SOLVE THE EXCITING ENIGMA OF THE DISAPPEARING CROOKS AND THE...

**"VANISHING VILLAGE!"**



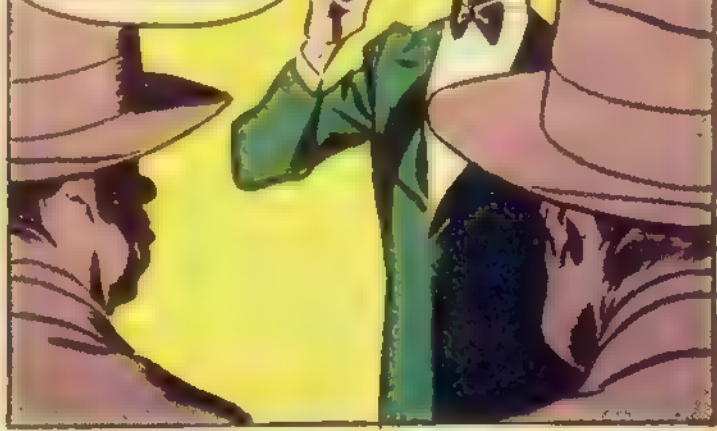
IN THE INTERIOR OF FLORIDA, NEAR THE HISTORIC EVERGLADES, A PARTY OF TOURISTS IS SEEING THE SIGHTS...



HOW EXCITING!  
I JUST LOVE THESE TOURS!

TO YOUR LEFT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS THE SPOT WHERE PONCE DE LEON CAMPED BEFORE STARTING HIS FAMOUS SEARCH FOR THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH!

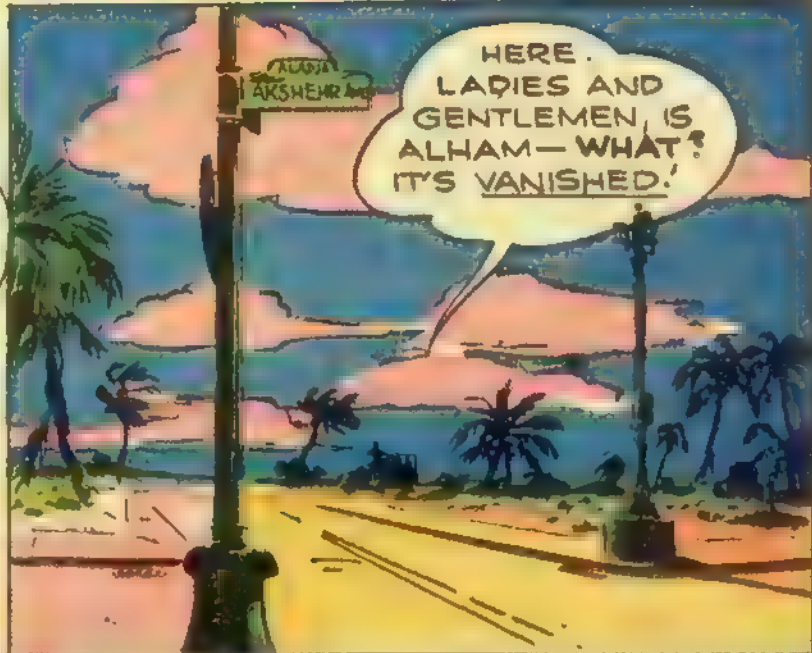
AND NOW ONE OF THE STRANGEST SIGHTS IN THE STATE OF FLORIDA! YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE THE FAMOUS DESERTED VILLAGE OF ALHAMBRA!



THIS FAMOUS VILLAGE IS COMPLETELY PATTERNED AFTER A TURKISH VILLAGE, IN ARCHITECTURE AND APPEARANCE! EVEN THE STREETS HAVE TURKISH NAMES!

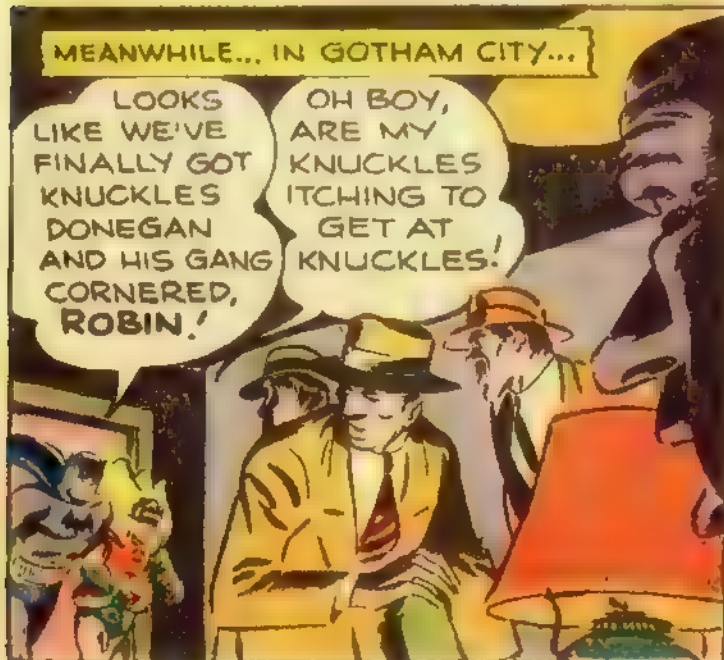


YOU WILL SEE THIS ABANDONED VILLAGE IN JUST...



HERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS ALHAM—WHAT? IT'S VANISHED!

MEANWHILE... IN GOTHAM CITY...

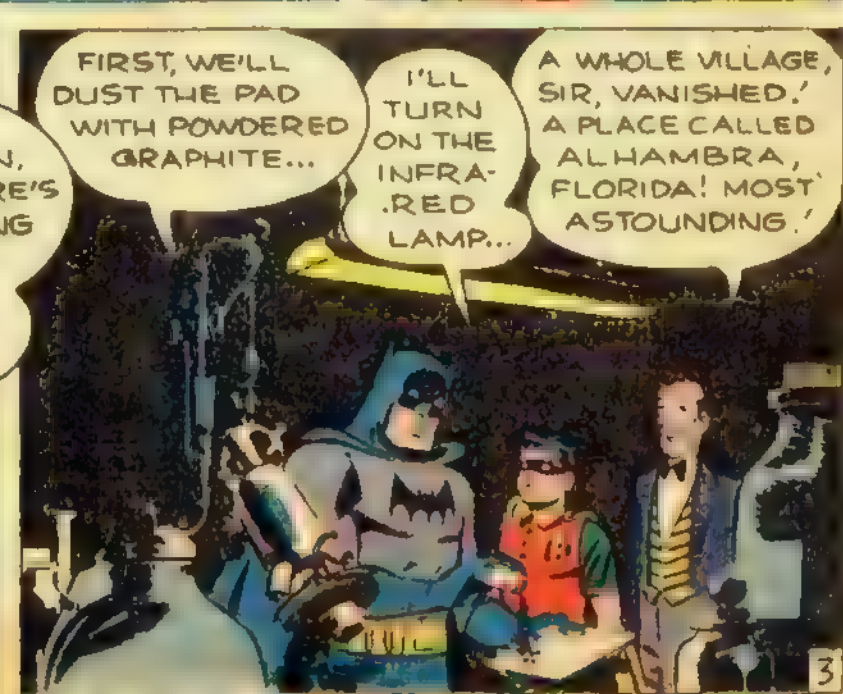
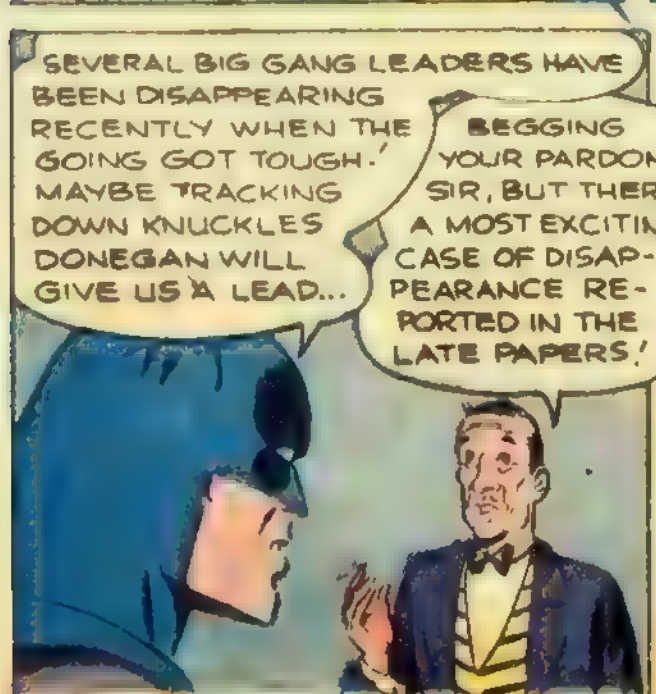
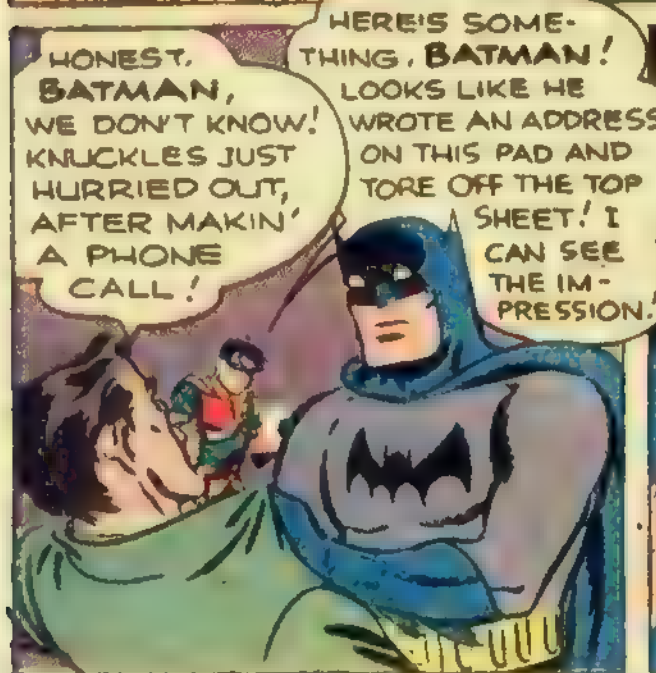
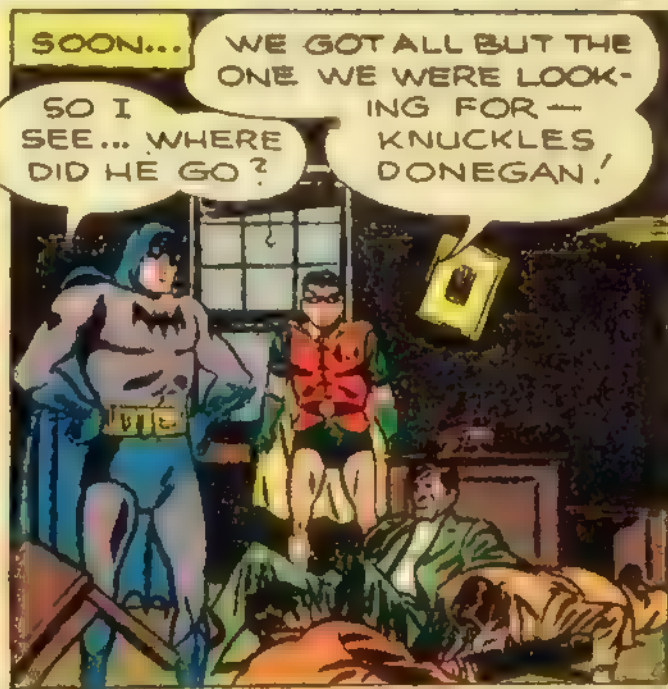
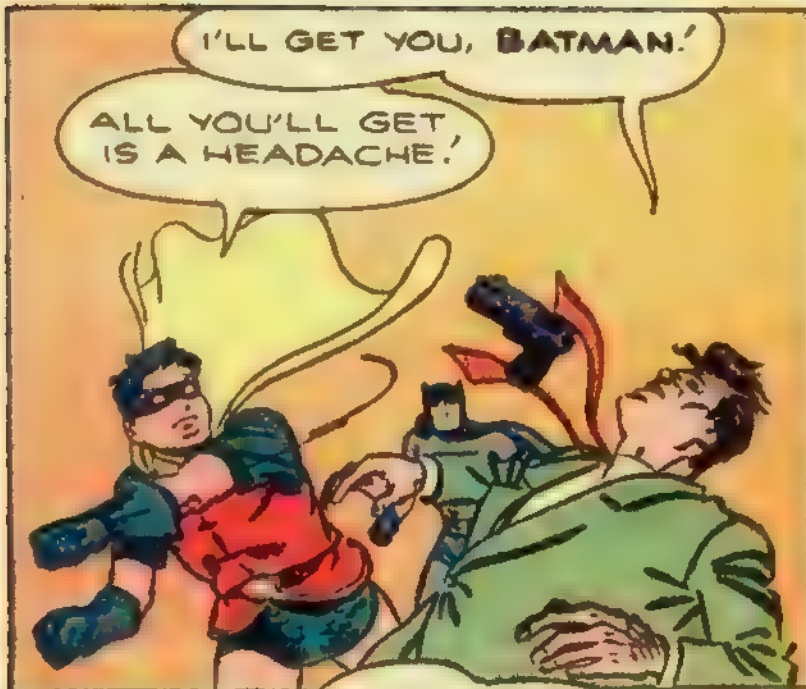


LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FINALLY GOT KNUCKLES DONEGAN AND HIS GANG CORNERED, ROBIN!

OH BOY, ARE MY KNUCKLES ITCHING TO GET AT KNUCKLES!



YOU DON'T SEEM HAPPY TO SEE US! YOU SHOULD BE MORE SOCIABLE!



THERE'S THE MESSAGE, BATMAN...

NOT MUCH HELP—JUST THE NAMES OF TWO FOREIGN-SOUNDING STREETS.

*Be at corner of Aladja-Akshela at midnight first night of arrival.*

ROBIN, GET A PICTURE OF KNUCKLES FROM OUR FILES! WE'RE LEAVING FOR FLORIDA! ALFRED, THAT STOLEN VILLAGE STORY WAS JUST THE CLUE WE NEEDED TO FILL OUT THIS MESSAGE!

REALLY, SIR? THAT'S MOST GRATIFYING!

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT WERE YOU SAYING A MINUTE AGO, ALFRED?

WHY, I WAS MERELY SAYING THAT SOME THIEVES STOLE THE VILLAGE OF ALHAMBRA, FLORIDA, SIR! IT'S IN THE LATE PRESS...

ALHAMBRA! THE TURKISH VILLAGE! THAT'S IT. THOSE STREET NAMES ARE TURKISH! ALFRED, YOU'VE SAVED THE DAY!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR...

HOURS LATER, AN EERIE NIGHT SHAPE LANDS SILENTLY ON A SECLUDED FIELD IN FLORIDA... THE BATPLANE!

I HOPE WE BEAT KNUCKLES HERE... OR MY PLAN WON'T WORK SO WELL! WE LOST SOME TIME CLEANING UP THE GANG AND ON OUR LAB WORK!

PERFECT, BATMAN! IF I HADN'T WATCHED YOU PUTTING ON THE MAKE-UP, I'D SWEAR YOU WERE KNUCKLES!

HOW DO I LOOK?

AS MIDNIGHT-APPROACHES, THE DISGUISED **BATMAN** WAITS NEAR A STREET SIGN WHERE ONCE STOOD THE CITY OF ALHAMBRA...



SUDDENLY...

YOU KNUCKLES DONEGAN?

WHO D'YA T'INK I AM, DA **BATMAN**?



HO! HO! DAT'S PRETTY GOOD! YA LOOK LIKE DA PICTURE DA BOSS GIVE ME, ALL RIGHT! COME ON! I'LL TAKE YA TA DA 'HIDEOUT!'

YA MEAN WE GOTTA WALK?



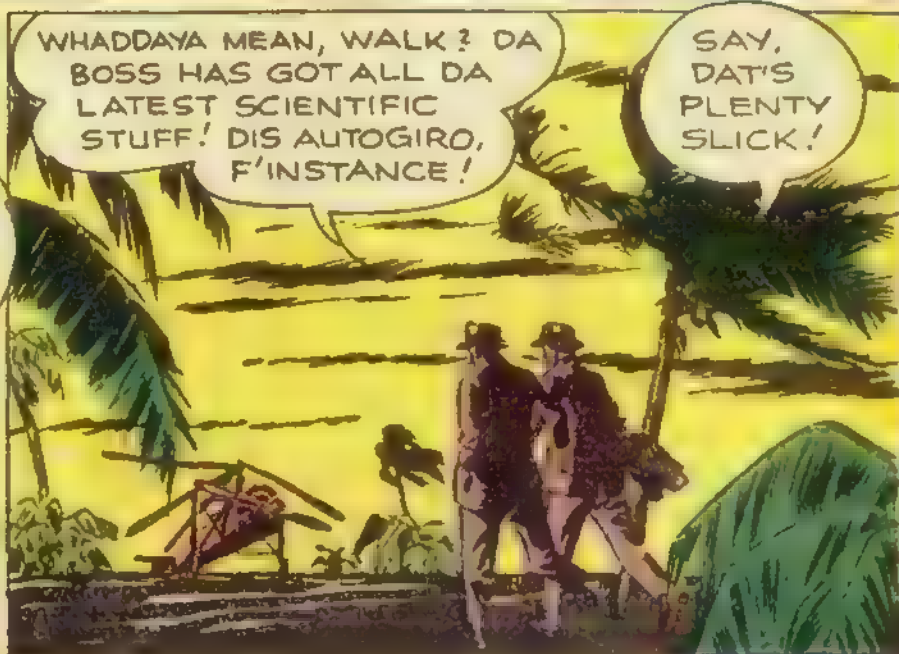
MEAN-WHILE... THE **BATPLANE** HOVERS HIGH ABOVE...

**BATMAN** TOOK OFF HIS TOPCOAT, WHICH IS THE SIGNAL THAT THE PLAN IS WORKING! I CAN WATCH THROUGH THESE INFRA-RED GOGGLES AND FOLLOW HIM BY THAT INVISIBLE CHALK MARK ON HIS SHOULDER!



WHADDAYA MEAN, WALK? DA BOSS HAS GOT ALL DA LATEST SCIENTIFIC STUFF! DIS AUTOGIRO, F'INSTANCE!

SAY, DAT'S PLENTY SLICK!

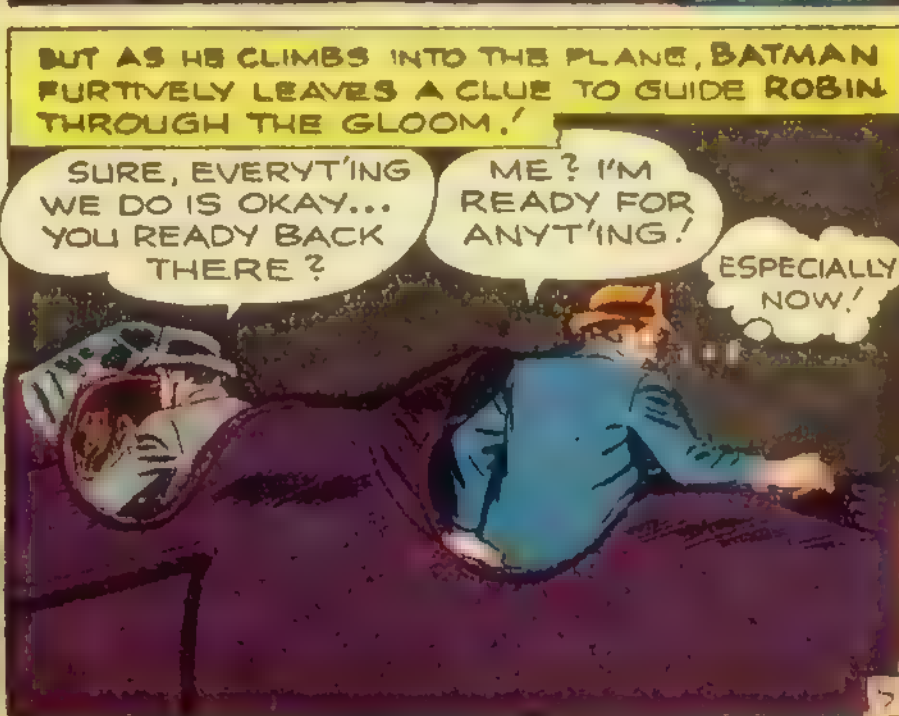


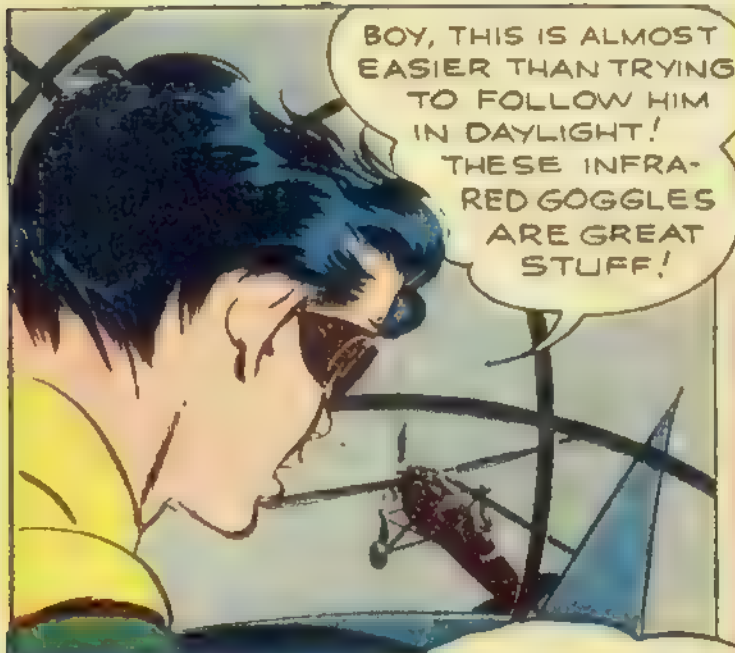
BUT AS HE CLIMBS INTO THE PLANE, **BATMAN** FURTIVELY LEAVES A CLUE TO GUIDE ROBIN THROUGH THE GLOOM.

SURE, EVERYT'ING WE DO IS OKAY... YOU READY BACK THERE?

ME? I'M READY FOR ANYT'ING!

ESPECIALLY NOW!

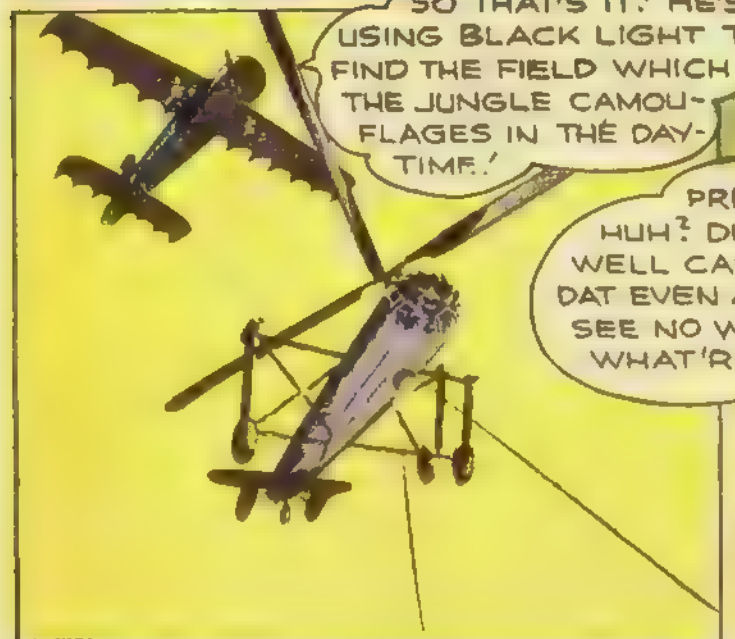




BOY, THIS IS ALMOST EASIER THAN TRYING TO FOLLOW HIM IN DAYLIGHT! THESE INFRA-RED GOGGLES ARE GREAT STUFF!

LATER, AS THE AUTOGIRO STARTS SETTLING INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE EVERGLADES, THE IMPENETRABLE SWAMP JUNGLE OF TROPICAL FLORIDA...

I DON'T GET IT AT ALL! EVEN IF IT WERE POSSIBLE TO LAND A PLANE HERE, HOW CAN HE SEE WHERE TO PUT IT?



SO THAT'S IT! HE'S USING BLACK LIGHT TO FIND THE FIELD WHICH THE JUNGLE CAMOUFLAGES IN THE DAY-TIME!

AS THEY LAND AT THE CRIMINAL HIDEOUT, THE DISGUISED GANG-CRUSHER MANAGES TO LEAVE A MARK BEHIND...

PRETTY SMART, HUH? DIS JOINT IS SO WELL CAMOUFLAGED DAT EVEN A FLY COULDN'T SEE NO WAY IN!... WHAT'RE YA DOING?

JUST FIXIN' MY SHOE-LACE!

THAT'LL MARK THE FIELD SO ROBIN CAN FIND IT WHEN I GIVE HIM THE SIGNAL TO LAND...



A FEW MINUTES LATER, BATMAN IS REGISTERING IN A LUXURIOUS HOTEL IN THE VERY HEART OF THE EVERGLADES...

KNUCKLES DONEGAN, EH? I HEARD OF YOU! YOU PULLED SOME SWEET JOB, YA DID! DA BOSS'LL BE GLAD TO MEET YA, TOO! WHAT MADE YA COME DOWN HERE?

DAT BATMAN WAS GETTIN' TOO CLOSE TO ME!



THE BOSS SHOWS THE NEW ARRIVAL THE SIGHTS...

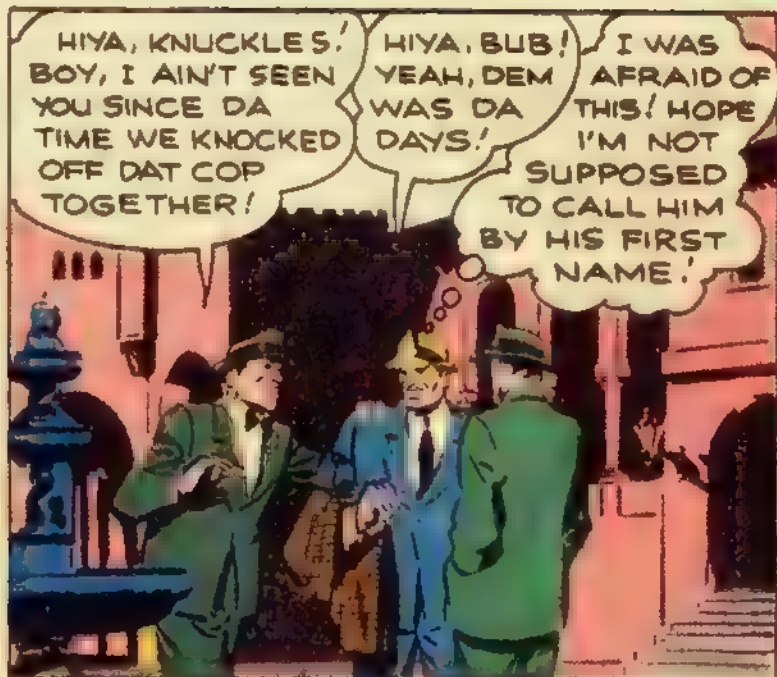
DIS IS A SWELL PLACE, BUT I'D LIKE TO GET A LITTLE SHUT-EYE, SLICK...

IT AIN'T EVERY DAY DAT WE GET SOMEBODY AS IMPORTANT AS YOU, KNUCKLES, AN' I WANT YA TA SEE EVERYT'ING!





FIRST WE BUILT A ROAD THROUGH DA SWAMP, SECRET-LIKE! DEN WE SWIPED DIS VILLAGE, HAULED IT IN HERE, AN' THREWED A LOT OF AGAR-AGAR ON DA ROAD! DAT STUFF MAKES DA JUNGLE GROW BACK IN ONE DAY!



HIYA, KNUCKLES! BOY, I AIN'T SEEN YOU SINCE DA TIME WE KNOCKED OFF DAT COP TOGETHER!

HIYA, BUB! YEAH, DEM WAS DA DAYS!

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! HOPE I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO CALL HIM BY HIS FIRST NAME!



YESSIR, A SMART SETUP YA GOT, SLICK!

AIN'T IT? ANY TIME YA GUYS ARE ON DA LAM, DIS IS DA SPOT! DERE'S ONLY ONE WAY IN...BYAIR, AND DA PLACE CAN'T BE SEEN FROM DERE! I CAN GUARANTEE NO COPS HERE!



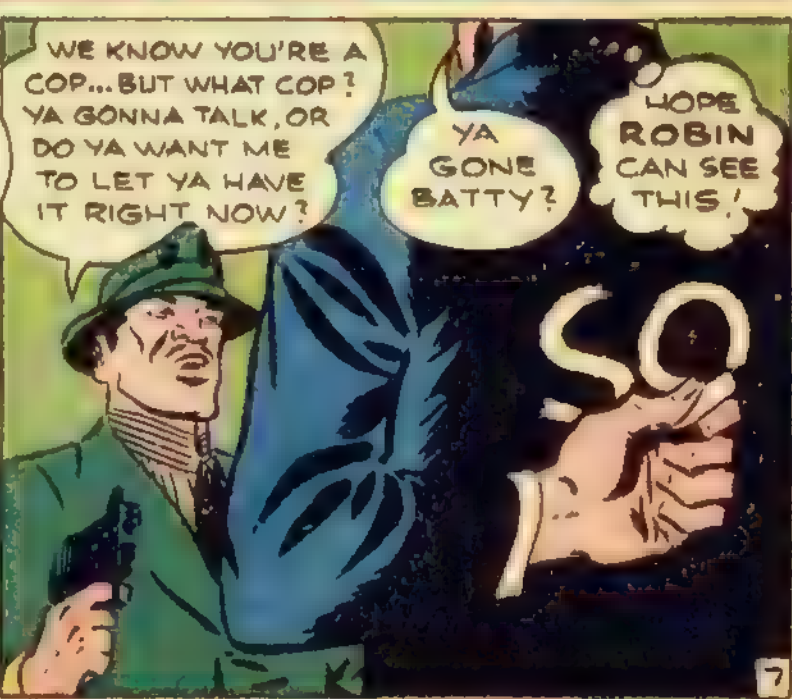
WELL, IF IT AIN'T KNUCKLES DONEGAN! REMEMBER DA TIME WE HEISTED A BANK IN CHI?

SURE! DAT WAS A GREAT HAUL! HOW'S TRICKS?



ABRUPTLY...

ALL RIGHT, WHO ARE YOU? WEASEL SAID YA WASN'T KNUCKLES WHEN HE SAW YA SIGN IN, BECAUSE KNUCKLES IS LEFT-HANDED 'JUST TO MAKE SURE, I PLANTED DEM TWO GUYS WHO NEVER KNOWED KNUCKLES.



WE KNOW YOU'RE A COP...BUT WHAT COP? YA GONNA TALK, OR DO YA WANT ME TO LET YA HAVE IT RIGHT NOW?

YA GONE BATTY?

HOPE ROBIN CAN SEE THIS!

WHAT'S THAT?  
LOOKS LIKE  
**BATMAN'S**  
IN TROUBLE!

I'VE GOT TO GET REIN-  
FORCEMENTS!... CALLING  
MIAMI POLICE! **BATMAN** AND  
**ROBIN** CALLING MIAMI POLICE!  
COME TO NORTHERN PART OF  
EVERGLADES... LANDING FIELD  
CAMOUFLAGED.. CAN BE SEEN  
WITH BLACK-LIGHT SEARCH-  
LIGHT!

TALK ABOUT LANDING ON  
A DIME! I HAVE TO LAND  
ON THAT MARK AND...  
I WONDER WHAT'S  
BEYOND IT!  
WELL, HERE  
GOES...!

BUT WHEN THE BOY WONDER LANDS...

WELL, AIN'T  
DIS NICE? WE  
GOT COMPANY!

YEAH, AN'  
LOOK WHO!  
DAT'S **ROBIN**!  
WONDER WHERE  
**BATMAN** IS?

NEARBY, AS SLICK'S ATTENTION IS DISTRACTED  
BY **ROBIN'S** ARRIVAL, **BATMAN** SHEDS HIS  
DISGUISE, AND...

HERE  
I AM...AND  
GOING  
YOUR  
WAY!

AAAGGHHH!

STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF  
**BATMAN**, **ROBIN'S** CAPTORS ARE OFF GUARD...

IT'S IMPOLITE  
TO TURN YOUR  
BACK ON  
GUESTS!

OW!

BUT BEFORE  
THE POWER-  
HOUSE PAIR  
CAN GET  
UNDER WAY...

LATER...

WELCOME TO ALHAMBRA, BATMAN! DAT'S

AGAR-AGAR ON DA FLOOR! YA'LL GET A LITTLE SURPRISE IN A MINUTE! HO!HO!

WHAT-WHERE ARE WE-?



WHAT'S GOING ON, BATMAN?

ALL I CAN DO IS GUESS.. THIS AGAR-AGAR IS SO RICH THAT IT MAKES PLANTS GROW IN A FEW MINUTES! AND THESE LOOK LIKE PITCHER PLANTS... THE ONES THAT ARE MEAT-EATERS!



YOU MEAN THE ONES THAT CATCH INSECTS? AND THIS STUFF'LL MAKE THEM BIG ENOUGH TO --

THAT'S IT... UNLESS WE GET LOOSE! THIS AGAR-AGAR IS PRETTY OILY! TRY RUBBING IT INTO YOUR BONDS!



AND SO, PRESENTLY...

NOT YET!

OH BOY, WE'RE FREE!

THESE PITCHER PLANTS ARE GROWING TOO FAST! TEAR THEM UP AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN! MAYBE...



BUT FAST AS THEY WORK...THE DEADLY PITCHER PLANTS GROW FASTER!

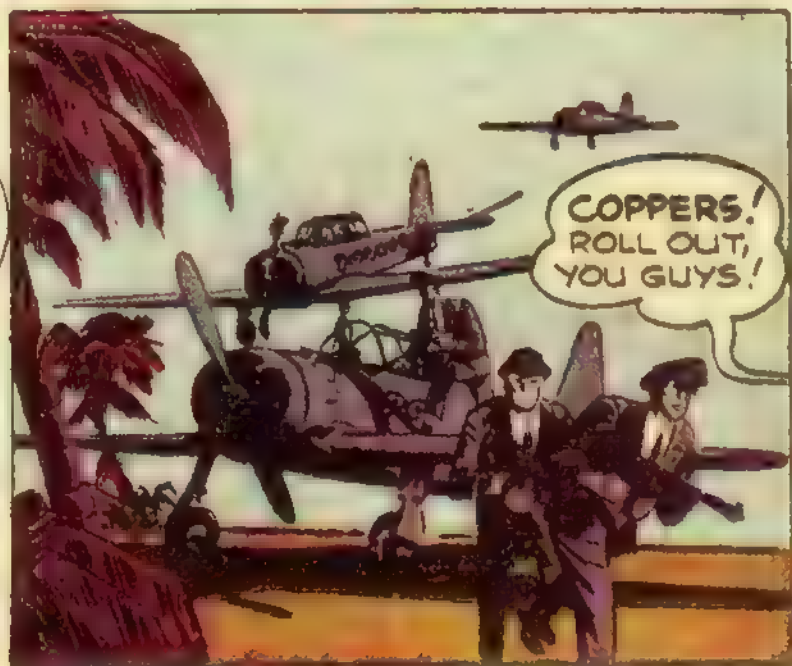
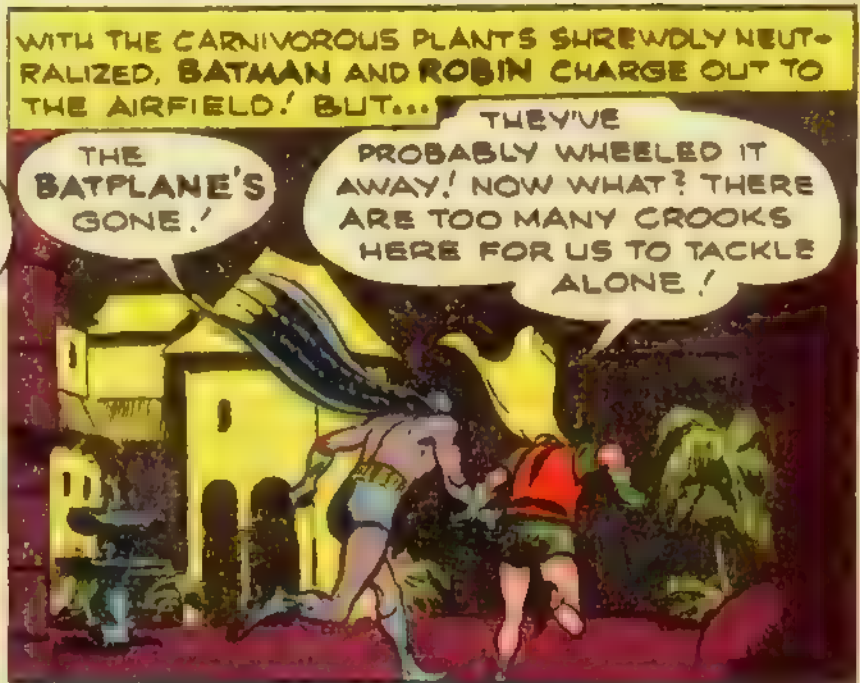
ALMOST MADE IT-BUT ALMOST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH!

NO, THIS LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH-WAIT! GRAB ALL THOSE PLANTS WE TORE UP THAT YOU CAN HOLD!



NOW THROW THEM TO THE BIG PLANTS!







AND IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT, BATTLE THE CAPED CRIME-CRUSHERS."

MIND SITTING THIS ONE OUT ?

SAVE THE GAGS UNTIL LATER, ROBIN! THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK TO BE DONE!... THIS, FOR INSTANCE!



AS THE MUSICIANS SAY, SLICK... TAKE FIVE!

MATCHED IN NUMBERS, BUT OUTCLASSSED IN FIGHTING ABILITY, THE CRIMINALS SOON SURRENDER...

THANKS, BATMAN! WE WERE BEGINNING TO BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE COUNTRY OVER THAT STOLEN VILLAGE! NOW WE NOT ONLY HAVE IT BACK, BUT A NICE COLLECTION OF WANTED MEN!

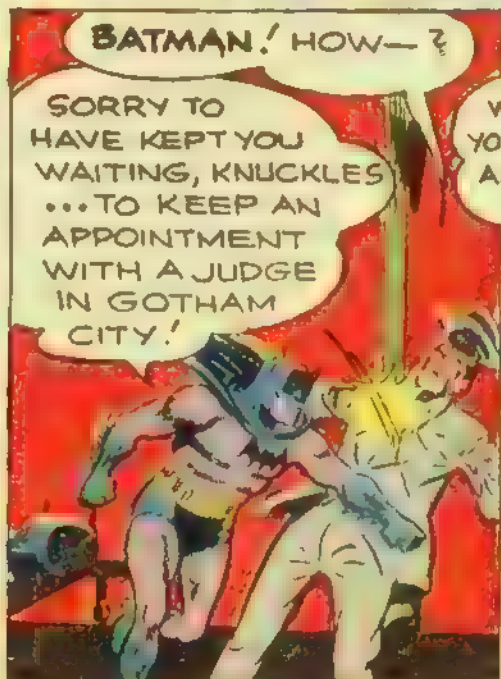
GLAD TO HELP, CAPTAIN! BUT WE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THE MAN WE STARTED AFTER! MUSTN'T FORGET THAT!



LATER...

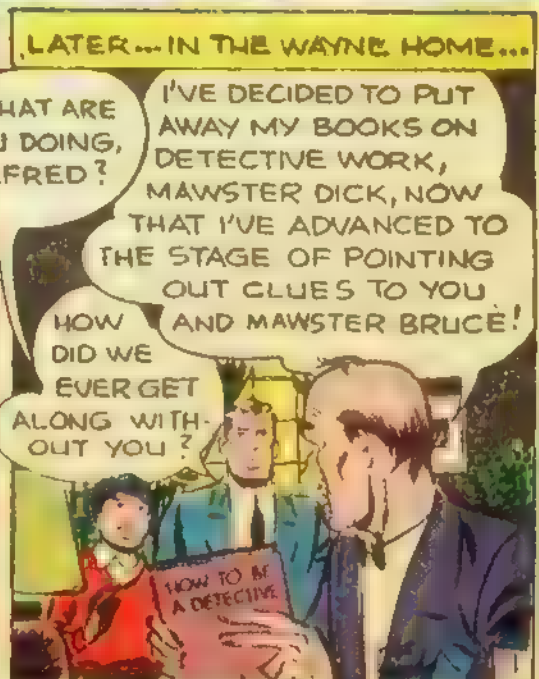
THERE HE IS, BATMAN, ON THE CORNER, WAITING FOR HIS APPOINTMENT!

SET THE BATPLANE DOWN, ROBIN, AND I'LL MEET HIM!



BATMAN! HOW--?

SORRY TO HAVE KEPT YOU WAITING, KNUCKLES ...TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT WITH A JUDGE IN GOTHAM CITY!



LATER...IN THE WAYNE HOME...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, ALFRED?

I'VE DECIDED TO PUT AWAY MY BOOKS ON DETECTIVE WORK, MAWSTER DICK, NOW THAT I'VE ADVANCED TO THE STAGE OF POINTING OUT CLUES TO YOU AND MAWSTER BRUCE!

HOW DID WE EVER GET ALONG WITH-OUT YOU?

# ADVERTISEMENT

## VOLTO FROM MARS

VOLTO UNLEASHES HIS MAGNETIC POWERS TO HELP JIMMY AND INTELLIGENCE AGENTS CAPTURE A DASTARDLY SPY RING.

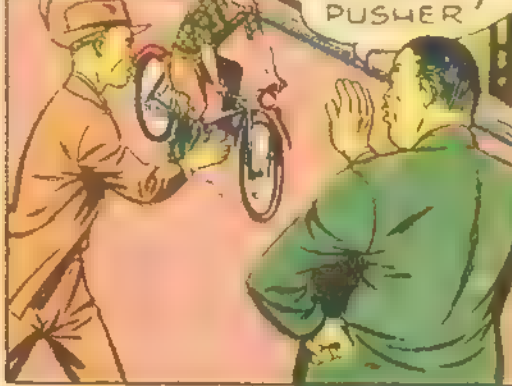


JIMMY, VOLUNTEER VACATION-TIME MESSENGER, PEDALS "RUSH" TELEGRAM TO MUNITIONS PLANT..

HO! WHERE IS MESSENGER GOING, PLEASE?

CAN'T STOP NOW!

SO? CANNOT STOP? WELL, WE WILL ARRANGE SLIGHT DELAY FOR HONORABLE PEDAL-PUSHER!



AND SOON NEARBY IN A DESERTED BUILDING...

YI! WE HAVE DECODED INFORMATION OUR EMPEROR WAITS FOR!

OKAY! WE LEAVE! BUT FIRST LET US CUT ROPE - SEND MESSENGER TO JOIN HIS ANCESTORS!



SUDDENLY... BEHIND THE TREACHEROUS JAPS, VOLTO APPEARS... CALLS UPON HIS MAGNETIC POWERS...

NOT SO FAST! WITH MY RIGHT HAND I ATTRACT!



AND NOW FOR YOU TWO BUMS! MY LEFT HAND REPELS!

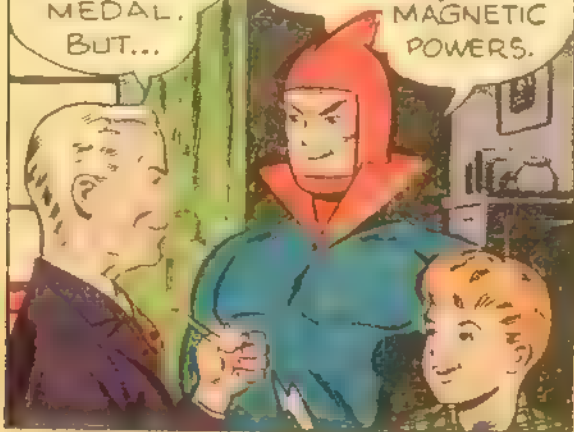
WHEW! SCRATCH TWO JAPS!!



WHEN THE G-MEN TAKE OVER, VOLTO AND JIMMY PROCEED TO THE PLANT...

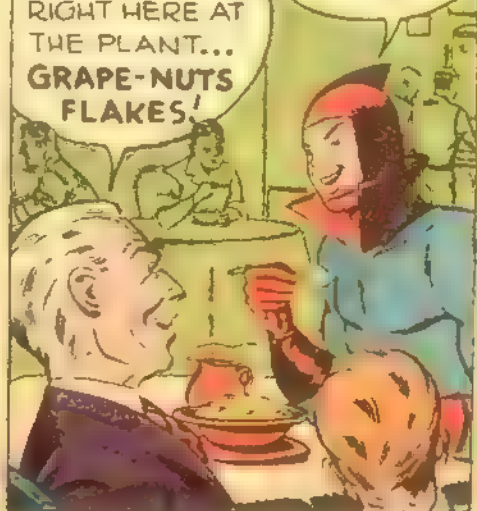
FINE WORK, VOLTO! AND YOU, TOO, JIMMY! I CAN'T GIVE YOU A MEDAL, BUT...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. JUST GIVE ME SOME WHOLE GRAIN CEREAL INSTEAD, SO I CAN RECHARGE MY MAGNETIC POWERS.

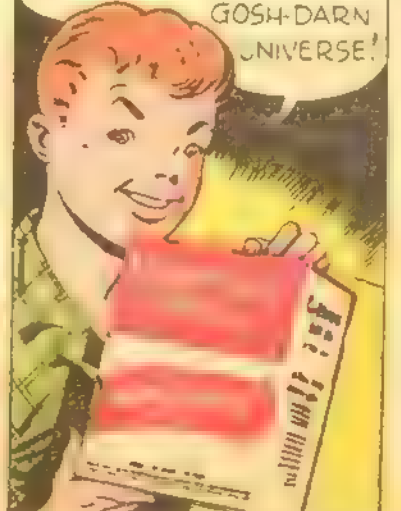


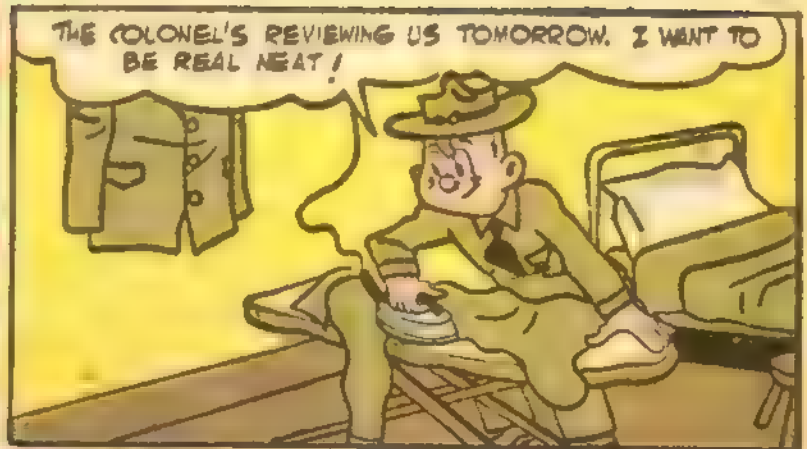
THAT'S EASY! WE KEEP THE WORLD'S BEST-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL RIGHT HERE AT THE PLANT... **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!**

MAN! THAT'S THE FINEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH!



NOT JUST ON EARTH VOLTO- **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES** IS THE SWEETEST TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL IN THE WHOLE GOSH-DARN UNIVERSE!





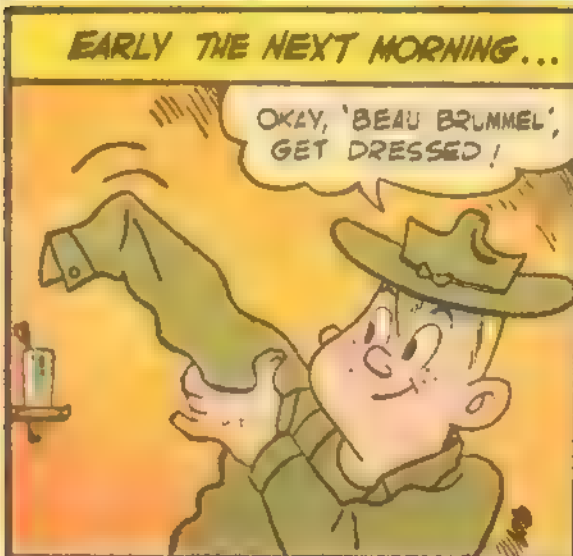
THE COLONEL'S REVIEWING US TOMORROW. I WANT TO BE REAL NEAT!



WAH! THE OTHER FELLOWS SEE HOW MY SHOES SHINE!

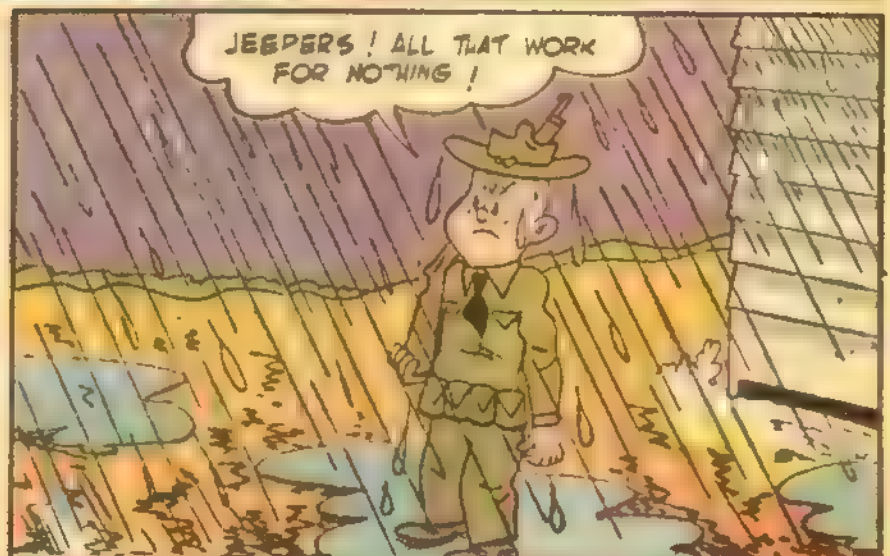


MAYBE I'LL GET A PROMOTION FOR CLEANLINESS!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

OKAY, 'BEAU BRUMMEL', GET DRESSED!



JEEPERS! ALL THAT WORK FOR NOTHING!



COME ON! LET'S HURRY AND GET SOME OF THOSE BIG HINGEES ENVELOPES!

YOU BET! HINGEES BRING THE COMICS TO LIFE!

10¢

THEY'RE COLORFUL! THEY MOVE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC! GROWNUPS GET A KICK OUT OF THEM, TOO!

10¢

THEY'RE COLORFUL! THEY MOVE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC! GROWNUPS GET A KICK OUT OF THEM, TOO!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 10¢

BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT  
OVER THAT OLD METHOD OF RUNNING  
OUT HERE WITH A BUCKET OF WATER!



TIME OUT... FOR WHEATIES.

BOY! WHAT NOURISHMENT! WIDELY-KNOWN  
ESSENTIAL WHOLE GRAIN FOOD VALUES...IN  
WHEATIES. INCLUDING VALUABLE B VITAMINS,  
IMPORTANT MINERALS.

BOY! WHAT FLAVOR! TANGY TOASTED TASTES  
IN BIG, HONEY-BROWN FLAKES. PLUS MELLOW,  
MALT-SWEET SYRUP. A COMBINATION OF  
ELEGANT EATING THAT REALLY SCORES WITH  
YOUR APPETITE.

BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT OVER THAT OLD BREAKFAST... WHEN YOU ADD A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HUDDLE WITH A BIG  
BOWL OF WHEATIES  
-- EVERY MORNING!

# WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



# CLOSE SHAVE

by Eddie Bell

**T**O some people it might have seemed like an awful lot of trouble to go to, and others just wouldn't believe anybody would think of it. This latter was just what Deuce Coe wanted. The reason he went all the way to Chicago to get that mailman's uniform from a theatrical warehouse, instead of picking one up in New York, was to get Larry McCarthy off the trail.

"Do you think even a smart detective like McCarthy is going to figure that angle out?" Deuce demanded now, as he sat in his hotel room, talking to Eddie Chayne.

It was Eddie who a month ago, had brought him the low-down on this new, proposed job.

"He couldn't figure it out in a million years," Eddie Chayne marvelled "You sure have him running around in circles, Deuce. He'd give his eye-teeth to figure out what you're going to do next."

"He got me once," Deuce Coe said, his eyes hardening. "I just got through doing two years. It's about time he was paid back. I don't think that flatfoot is going to like what his Lieutenant will say after a big jewelry robbery breaks out in McCarthy's territory."

Eddie's eyes were excited. "How you going to pull it."

Deuce grinned. "That would come under the heading of a trade secret, Eddie." Deuce noticed the crestfallen look. "Now, don't feel hurt, Eddie. The less you know about this thing the better. They won't be able to pin anything on you."

Yes, it was better not to tell too much to Eddie Chayne. Not that Eddie was a stoolie. It's just that he wasn't too bright. Two stretches in prison proved that. You see, Eddie always managed to overlook some little thing. You couldn't afford to do that with a smart detective like Larry McCarthy.

"Right," Eddie Chayne said. "Good-luck, Deuce." He went out, smiling. "There's a great crook, Deuce," he told himself, "He just had tough luck that last time McCarthy nailed him."

And it had been a tough break, at that. Somebody had squealed, a fence in Detroit. Thus, McCarthy had grabbed Deuce with the last of the diamond rings.

But now it was time to even the score. Deuce Coe's eyes burned as he studied his bearded face in the mirror. Larry McCarthy knew Deuce was wearing a beard now. He had kidded him about it when Deuce reported to the parole board. McCarthy, however, had not realized it was all part of the plan Deuce had put in the works—the plan that had caused him to drive to Chicago. Even buying that second-hand car had been part of the plan. The cops didn't very well go around checking every car.

The hot summer sun beat through the window in Deuce Coe's room, but Deuce was oblivious of the heat. His forehead was furrowed in thought. He was ready to move in on Larry McCarthy's territory now. And every move had to be accounted for. There would have to be a perfect alibi. An alibi fashioned of little bits that would make a perfect circle!

Like this first move, for example. Deuce carefully removed his shirt. Then he placed an electric fan on a table in front of an easy chair, and turned it on. It was a sure way of getting a cold. Smiling, Deuce seated himself in the easy chair, felt the cool air blow into his face. He closed his eyes. Tomorrow would tell the story.

It did. "You'd better stay in bed today and nurse that head cold," the hotel doctor Deuce had called said. "I wouldn't go out if I were you." He added,

"You can get a vaporizer from the drugstore in that building. I'll drop in again tomorrow morning."

Deuce could have told him about the vaporizer. But he didn't. As the doctor ordered, he sent a bellboy for it. "You sure got a pip of a cold, Mr. Coe," the bellhop said. "You'd better stay in bed."

"I'm going to," Deuce said. "I'll get my money's worth out of that vaporizer."

As soon as the bellboy had left, Deuce hopped out of bed. He spent an hour at the vaporizer, felt his head clearing. It wouldn't last long, he knew. He'd have to work fast. Every minute counted on this job.

It didn't take him long to shave off the beard. He was glad now that his face had no distinguishing mark. Besides, nobody would get to see it too clearly. He grinned. Already he had gotten used to the beard. He'd have it back on again, too—only the new beard would be false. It was safely hidden in Deuce's pillow.

Now, from the mattress he brought out the uniform. It fitted him perfectly and, though McCarthy naturally couldn't know it, was as well worn as the one the mailman in the Empire Building wore—the mailman who daily delivered to Roth's Diamond Exchange.

The uniform on, Deuce tucked a mask in the cap. He felt quite pleased with himself as he looked in a full length mirror. Yes, everything was just right. He looked at his watch, which lay on the night table, alongside the vaporizer and a half-emptied package of cigarettes. The cigarettes reminded Deuce of the shortage, set him to grumbling. He was actually rationing himself. "You would think an expensive place like this Rexford Arms would have enough cigarettes for the

(Continued on inside back cover)

# BATMAN

WITH

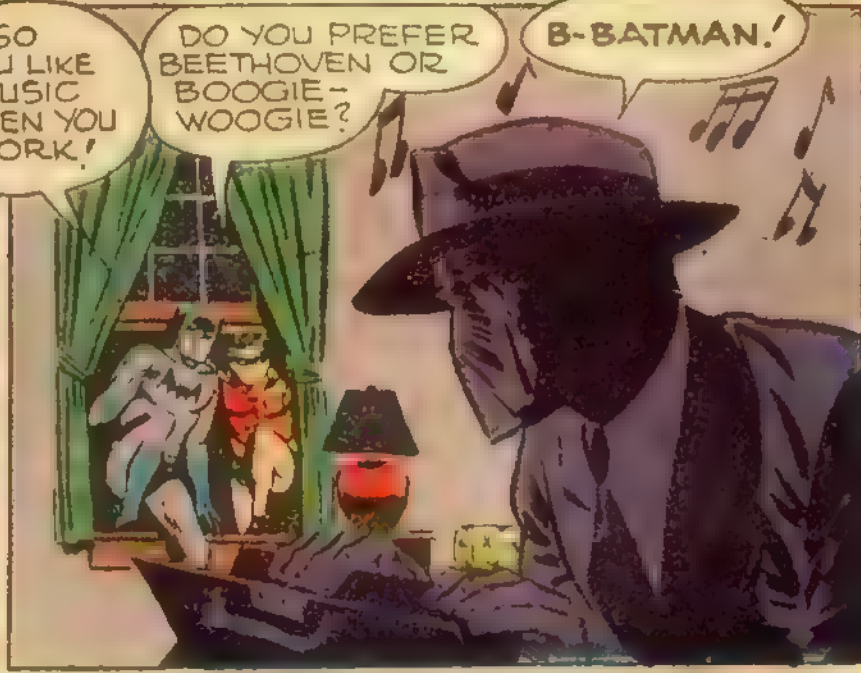
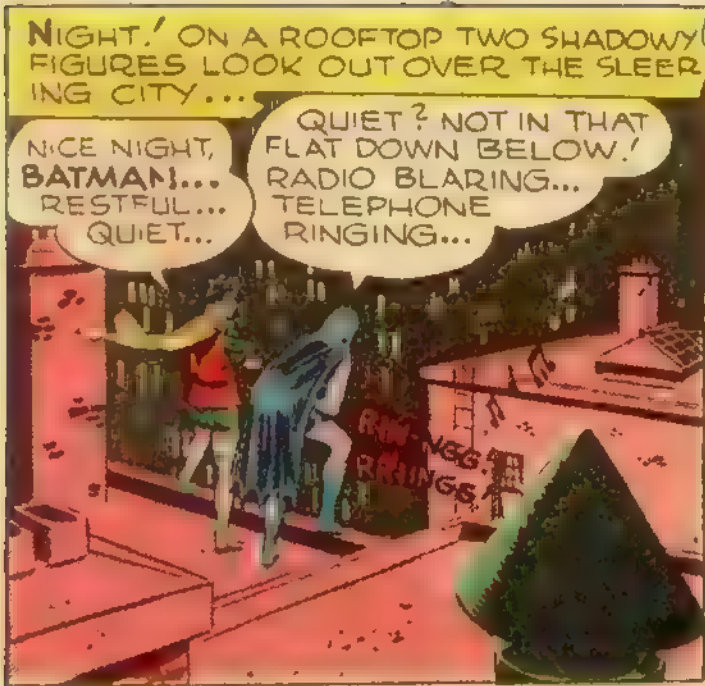
**ROBIN**

THE BOY WONDER

MANY THINGS HAVE TRADE MARKS—BREAKFAST CEREALS, COUGH DROPS, SHOES AND SODA POP! BUT DID YOU EVER HEAR OF CRIME HAVING A TRADE MARK? YES, MANY CRIMINALS—BURGLARS, FOR INSTANCE—HAVE SPECIAL WAYS OF DOING THEIR NEFARIOUS JOBS, UNIQUE METHODS THAT ENABLE THE POLICE AND **BATMAN** TO SAY: THIS JOB WAS DONE BY SO-AND-SO—IT HAS HIS TRADE MARK! AND THAT'S WHY **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ACHIEVE SURPRISING SUCCESS AND PULL A SUCCESSFUL SURPRISE IN THE BAFFLING CASE OF THE ...

*"Trade Marks  
Of Crime!"*





OOPS!

HE GOT AWAY... SAY!... IS THAT A DEAD DOG YOU TRIPPED OVER?

NOT DEAD-DRUGGED!

LATER...

...AND UNDER THE DOG, COMMISSIONER GORDON, I FOUND THIS BIT OF PAPER! SMELL IT! IT'S BEEN DIPPED IN MEAT GRAVY... AND A POWERFUL SLEEP PRODUCING DRUG.

"WHEN THE DOG BARKED, THE BURGLAR MUST HAVE SLIPPED THIS PAPER UNDER THE DOOR... THE DOG SNIFFED THE MEAT GRAVY, LICKED IT-AND DROPPED UNCONSCIOUS!"

THEN OUR BURGLAR JIMMIED OPEN THE DOOR, SWITCHED ON THE RADIO TO FOOL SUSPICIOUS NEIGHBORS AND WENT TO WORK!

NERVY CHAP! BUT WE'LL GET A LINE ON HIM BY CONSULTING OUR FILES!

AND WE'LL CONSULT OURS EH, BATMAN?

FILE ROOMS AT HEADQUARTERS..WHERE OVER A MILLION CARDS FORM A COLOSAL CATALOGUE OF CRIMINALS AND CRIME TECHNIQUE...

FIRST TRY REFERENCES TO BURGLARS WHO POISON WATCH DOGS...

YES, SIR!

WHILE IN THE SECRET BATCAVE... LABORATORY AND WORKROOM OF THE BATMAN...

HERE IT IS... DOG POISONERS!

NOW CONSULT REFERENCE FOR BURGLARS WHO TURN RADIOS ON WHILE THEY WORK... AND AFTER THAT BURGLARS WHO STEAL SILVERWARE...

AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW BATMAN'S FEW FILING CABINETS CAN HOLD AS MUCH INFORMATION AS THE MANY ROOMS IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE ANSWER IS —

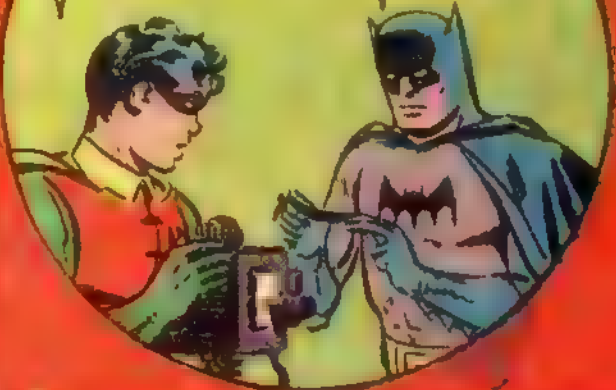
**-MICRO-FILM!**



STADDON, JOHN...  
 ALIAS SILVER JOHN STADDON  
 5'9" 165 lbs - Brown Eyes and Hair  
 TRADE MARKS:  
 USES JIMMY ON FRONT DOORS  
 POISON-GRAY PAPER TO POISON DOGS  
 PLAYS RADIO ON JOB.  
 SPECIALTY - SILVERWARE

THAT'S OUR MAN! BUT GEE HE MUST BE PRETTY DUMB TO USE THE SAME STUNTS ALL THE TIME!

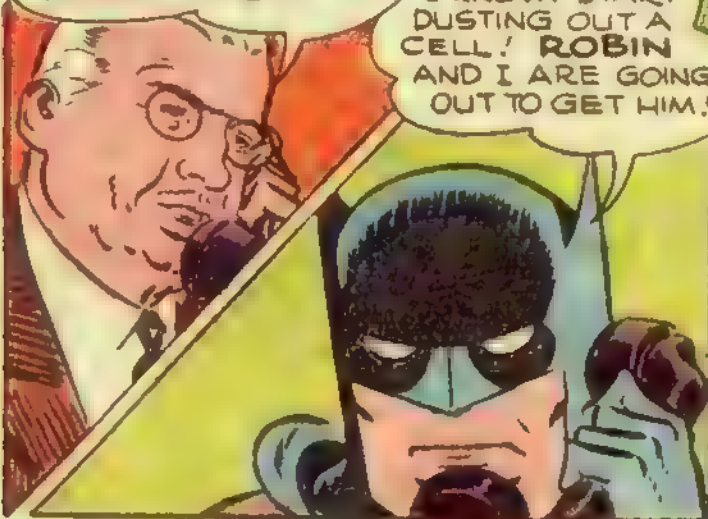
CROOKS ARE PEOPLE OF HABIT! IF A TRICK WORKS ONCE, THEY KEEP ON REPEATING IT, EVEN AFTER THEY'RE CAUGHT AND SERVE TIME!



**BATMAN PHONES COMMISSIONER GORDON...**

I'M GLAD YOU CALLED. OUR FILE SHOWS THE BURGLAR IS...

SILVER JOHN STADDON... YES, I KNOW! START DUSTING OUT A CELL! ROBIN AND I ARE GOING OUT TO GET HIM!



**MIKE'S TAVERN... A HANGOUT FOR THE CITY'S UNDERWORLD...**



I WANT YOU, STADDON!

M-ME? I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'! I-I BEEN GOIN' STRAIGHT...



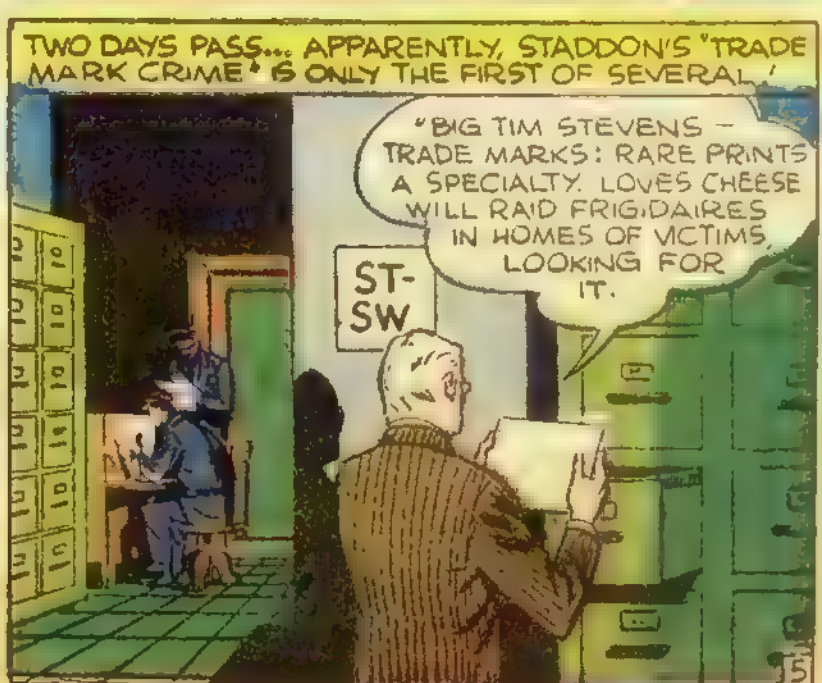
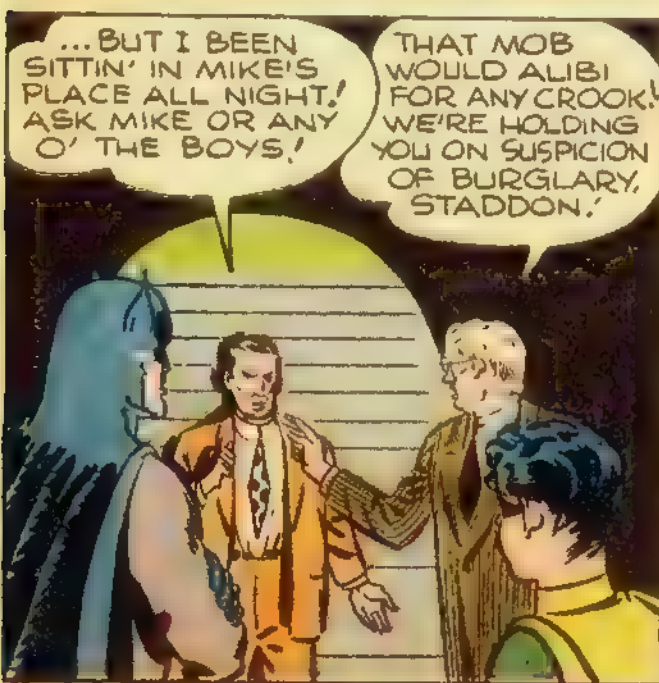
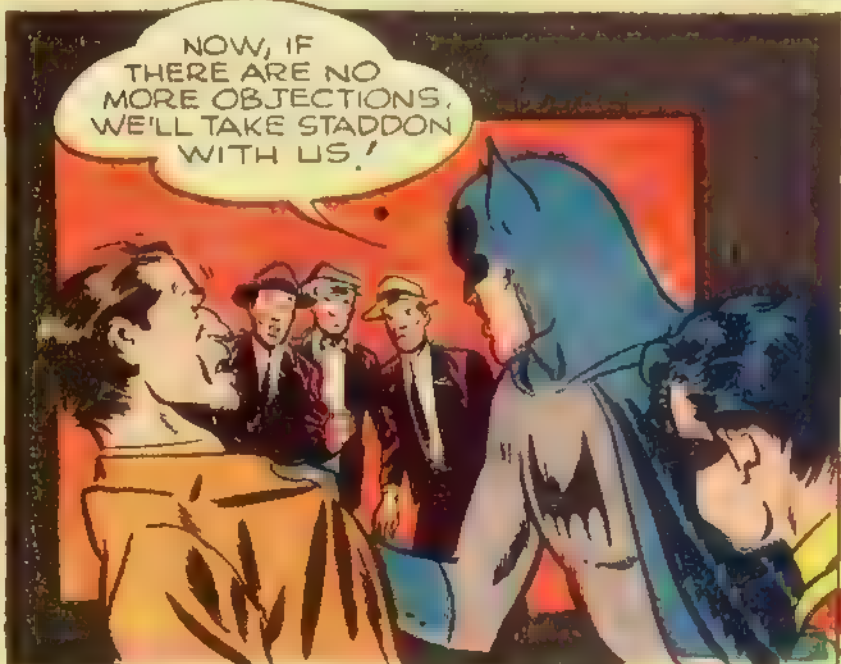
I DON'T LIKE COPPERS! A COPPER IS A COPPER... EVEN IF HE CALLS HIMSELF A FANCY NAME LIKE BATMAN...

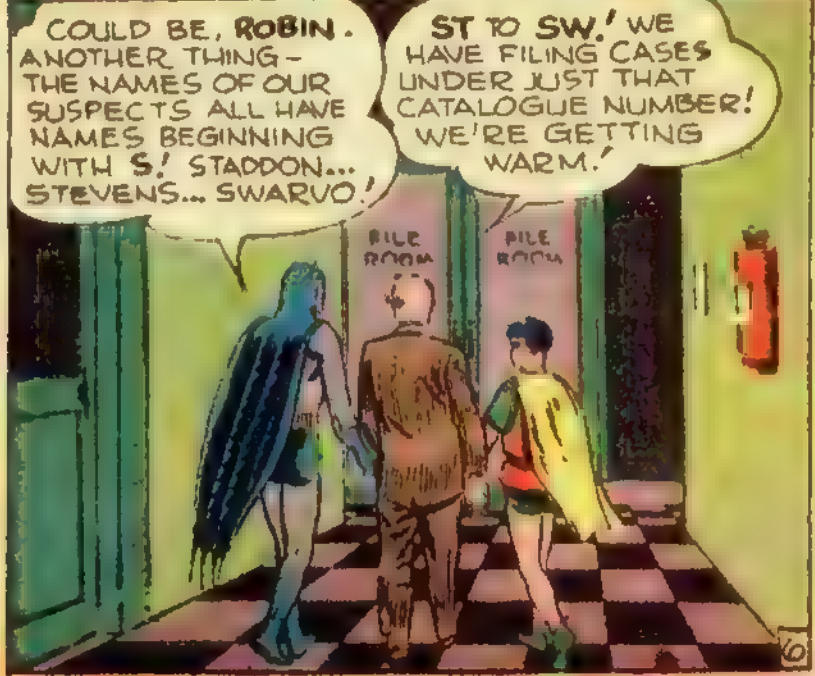
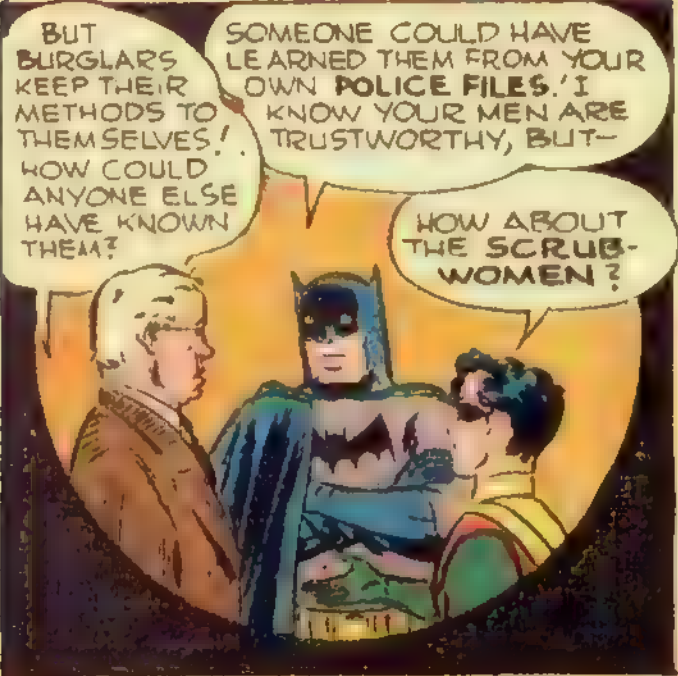
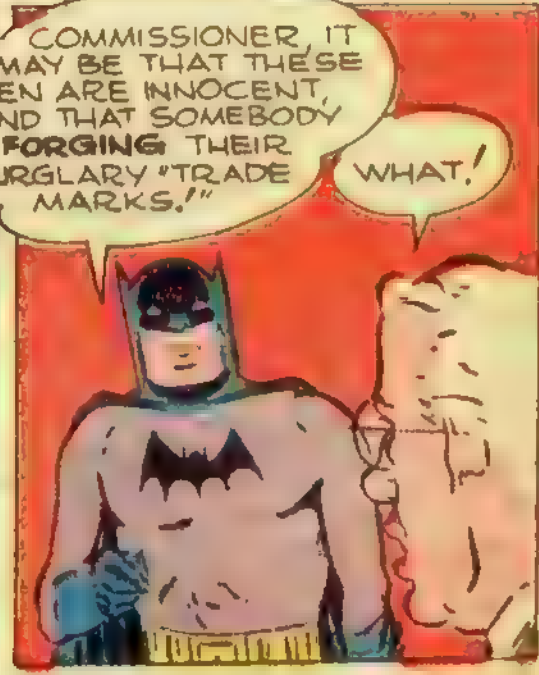
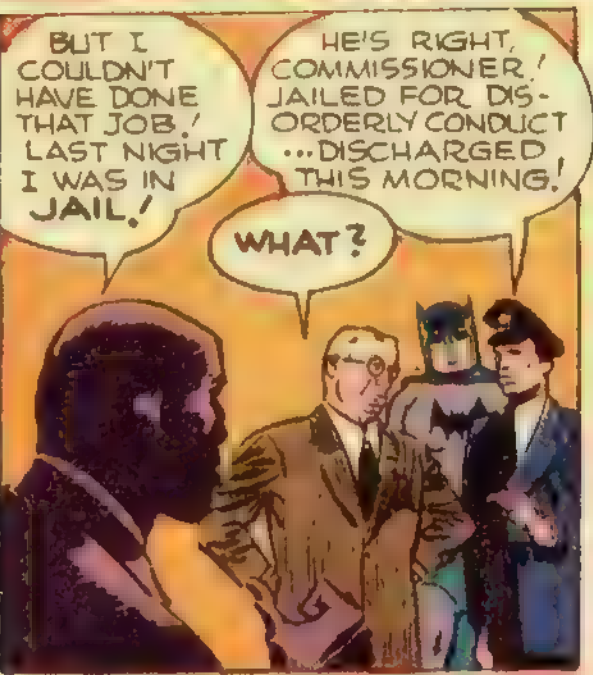
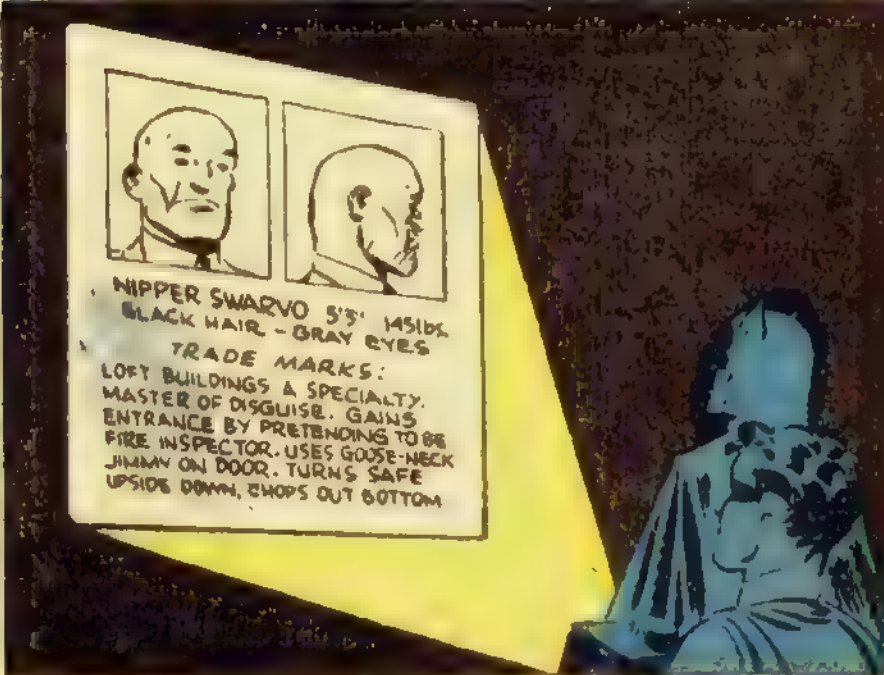
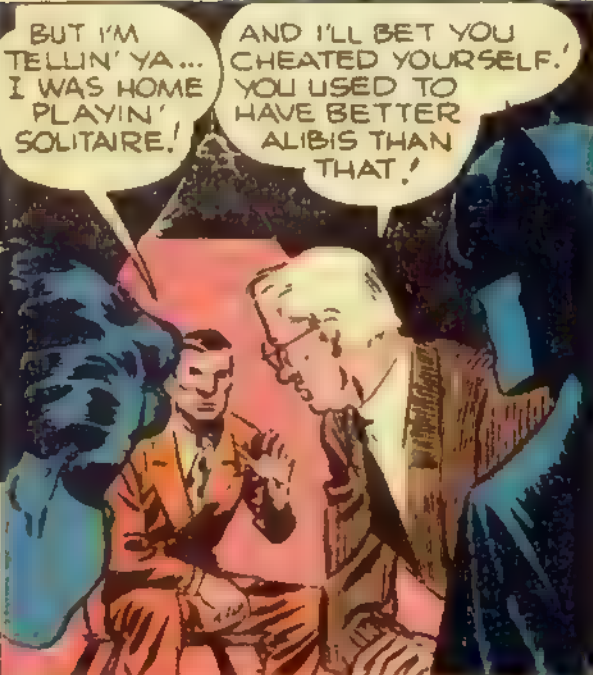
BATMAN! BEHIND YOU!

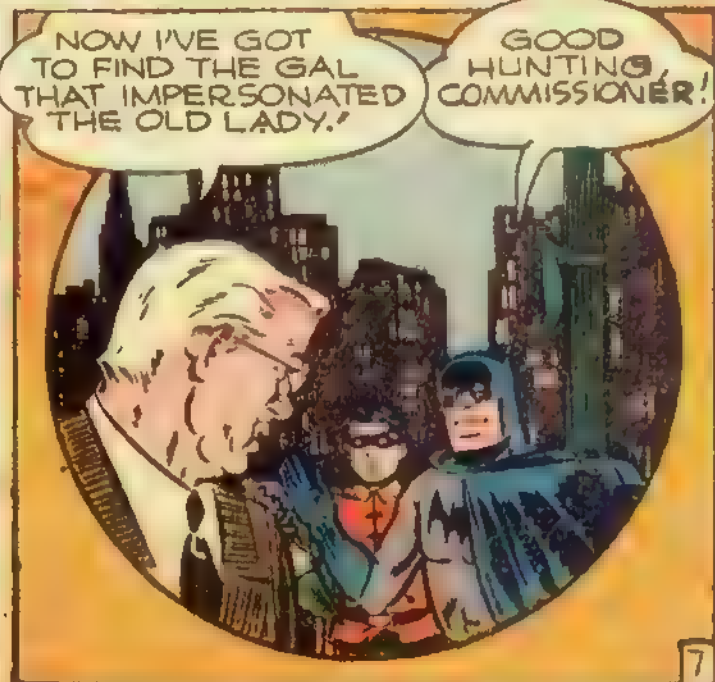
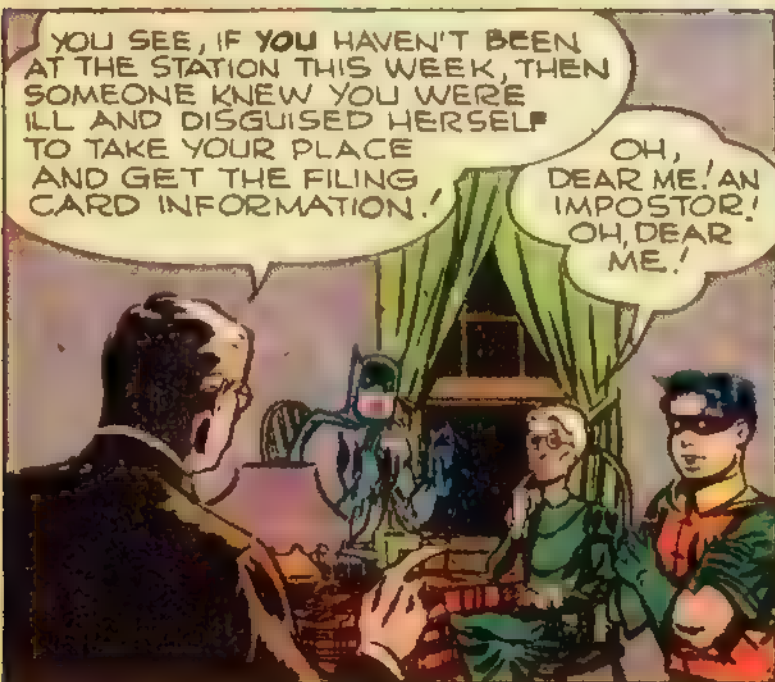
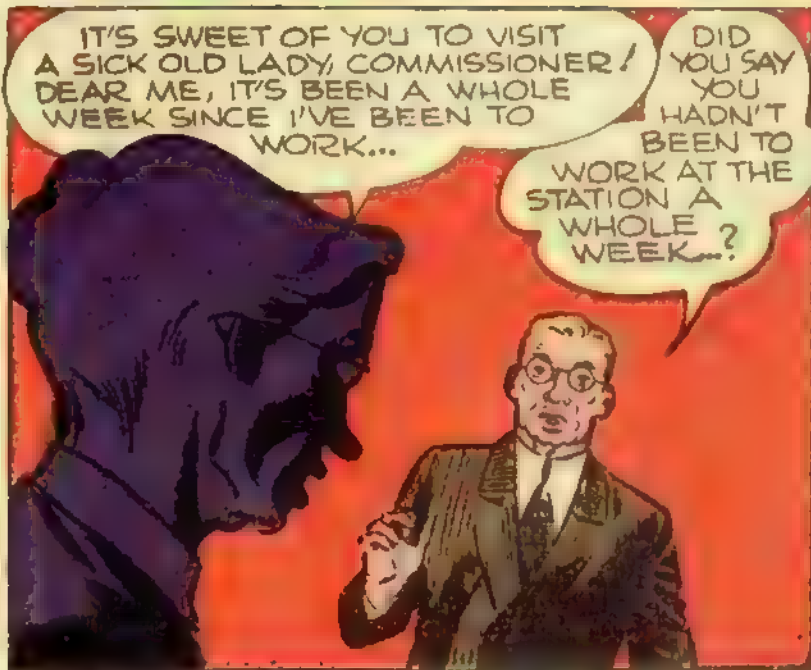
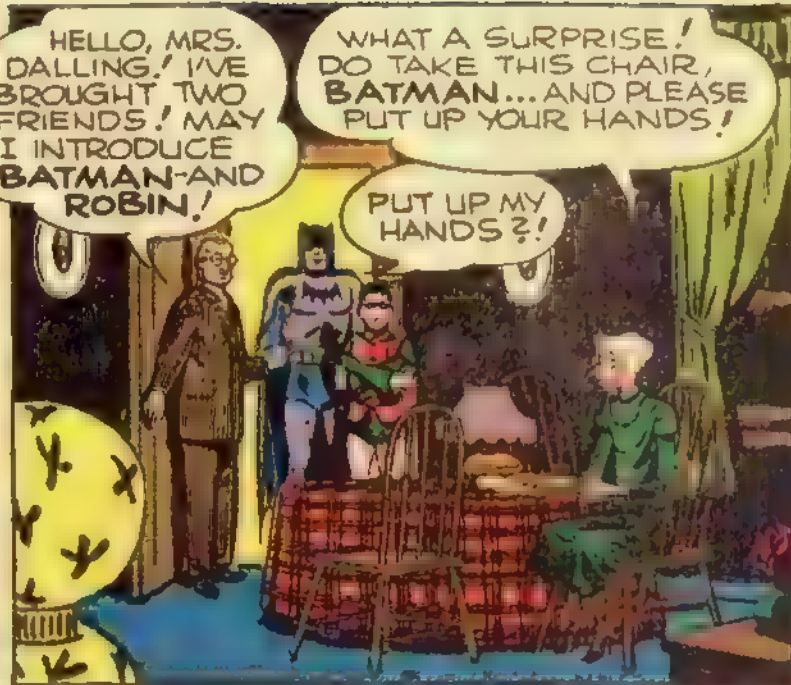
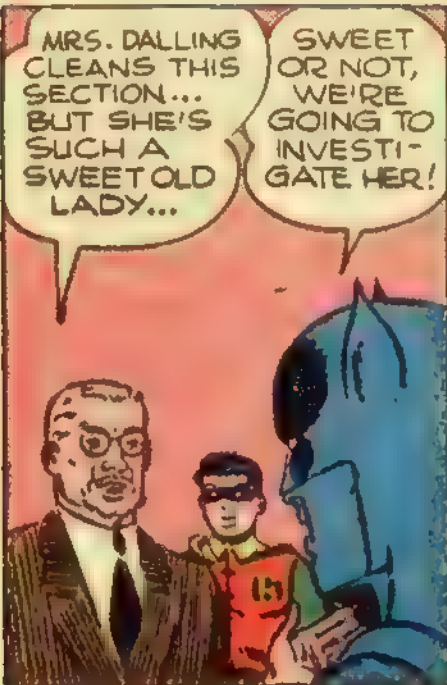


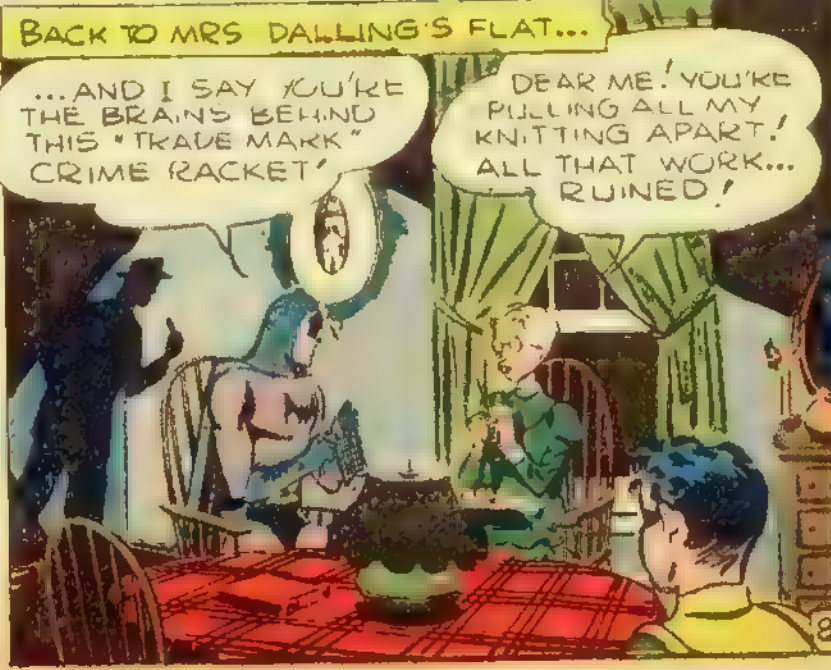
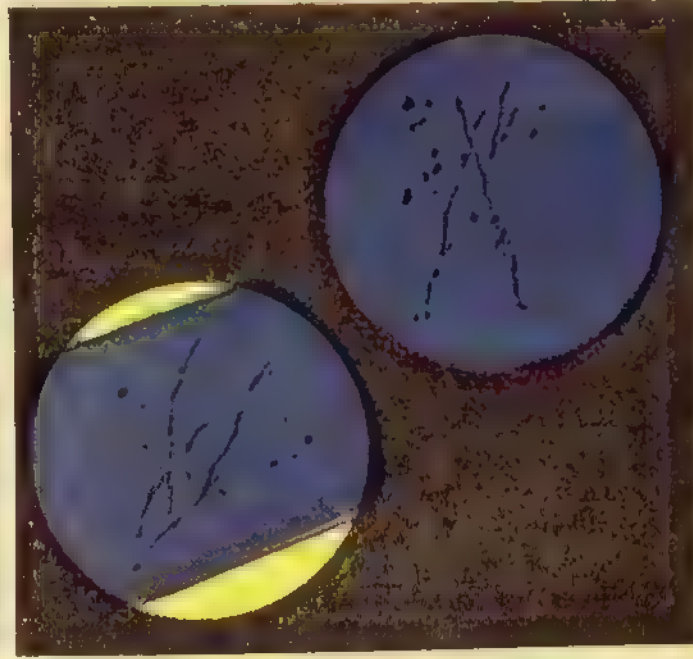
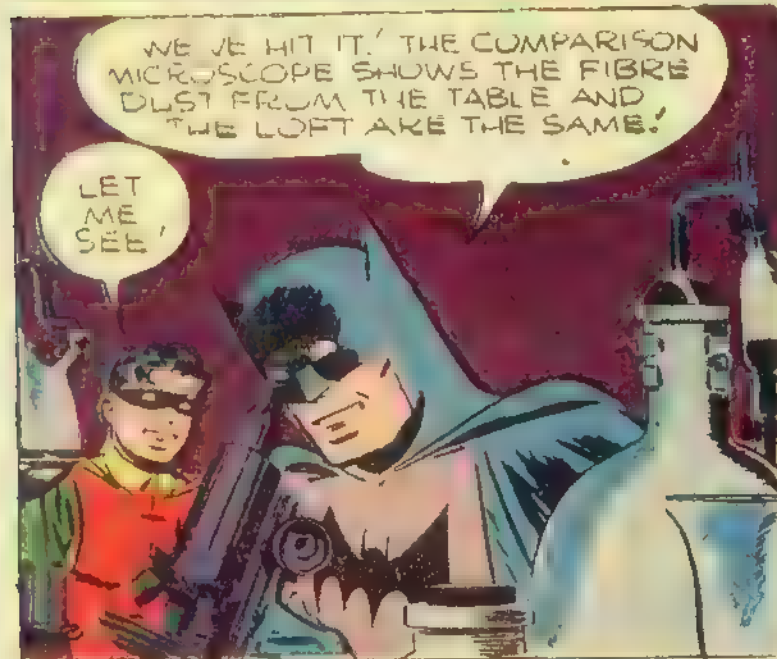
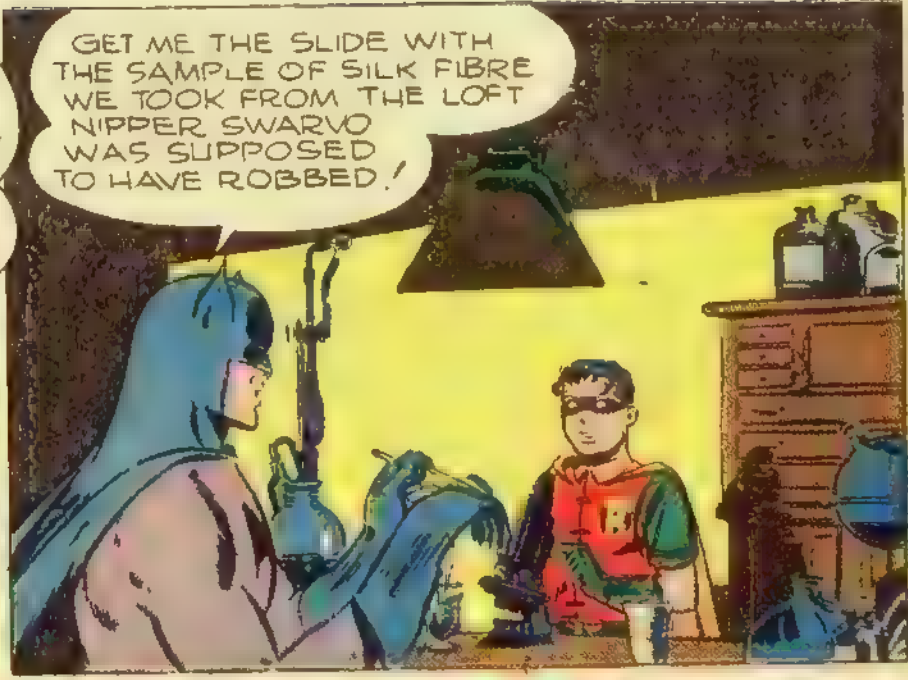


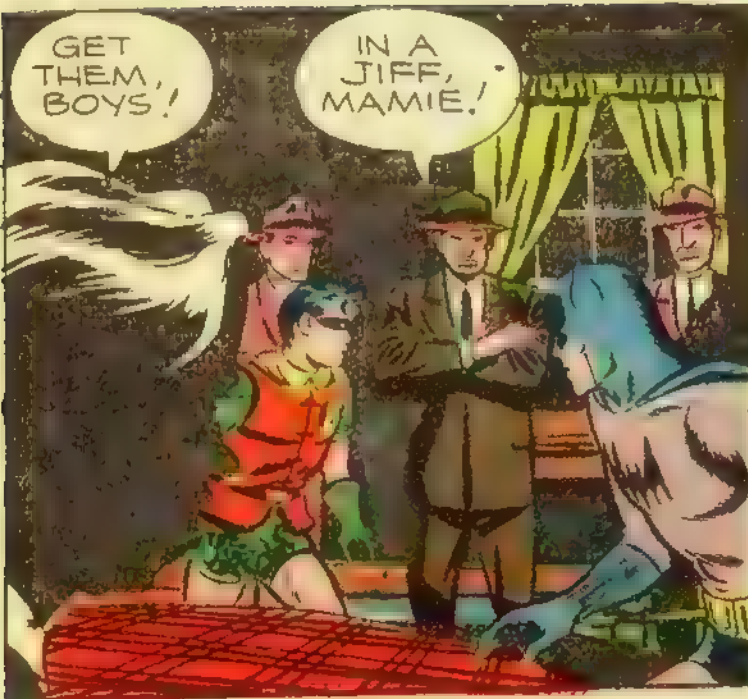
AND NOW WATCH!  
JIU-JITSU AS PRACTICED  
BY THE BATMAN!



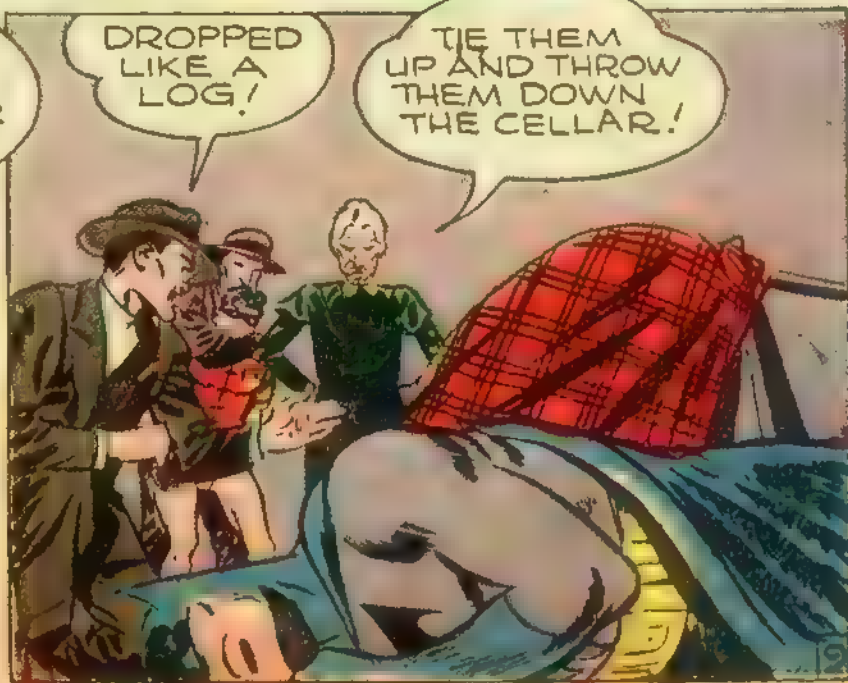
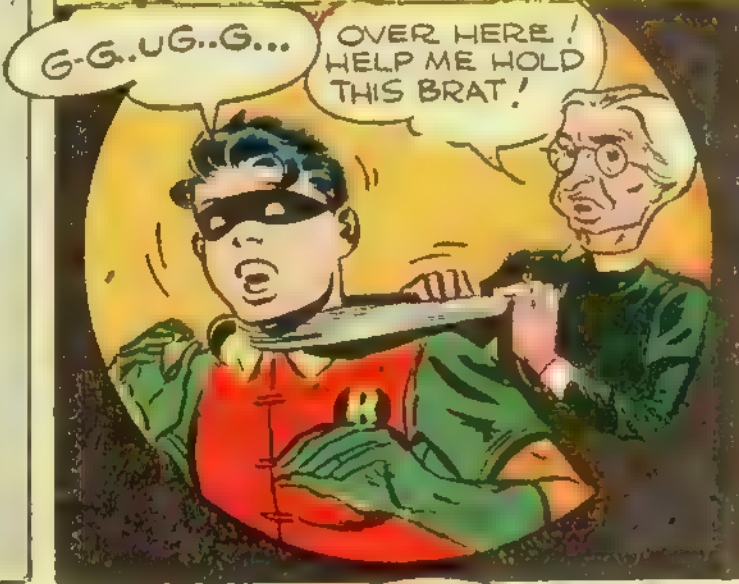








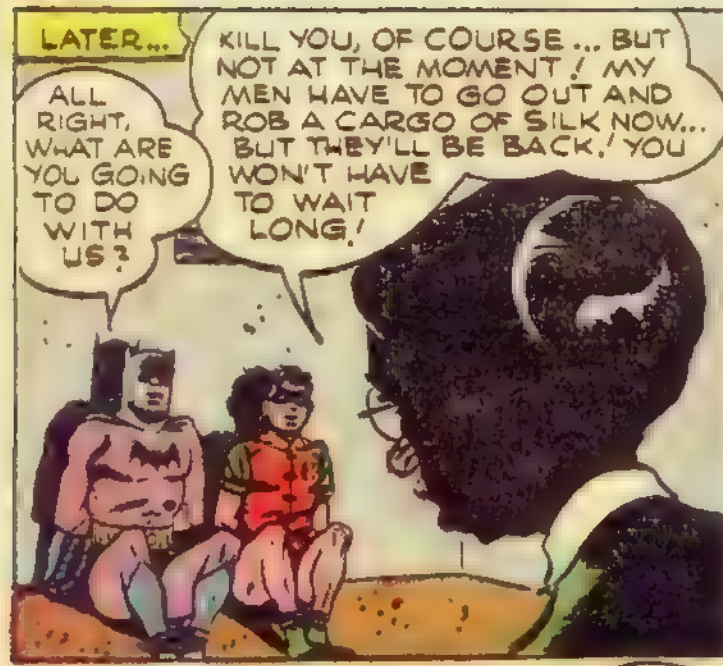
BUT AS ROBIN GETS SET FOR ACTION, THE OLD LADY DARTS FORWARD...



**LATER...**

ALL RIGHT, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?

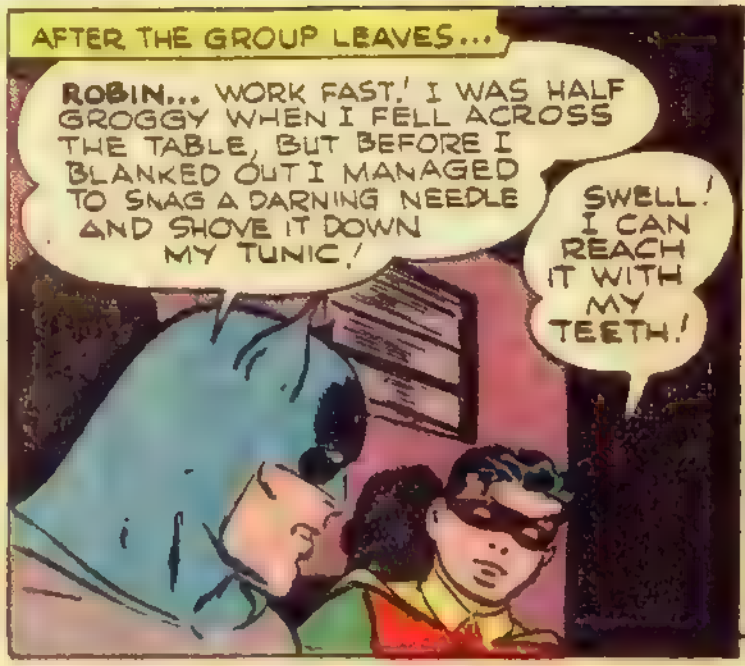
KILL YOU, OF COURSE ... BUT NOT AT THE MOMENT! MY MEN HAVE TO GO OUT AND ROB A CARGO OF SILK NOW... BUT THEY'LL BE BACK, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG!



**AFTER THE GROUP LEAVES...**

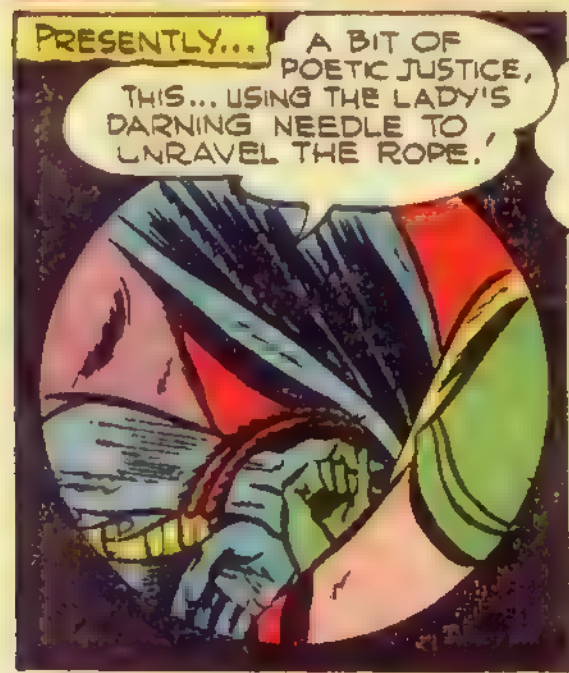
ROBIN... WORK FAST! I WAS HALF GROGGY WHEN I FELL ACROSS THE TABLE, BUT BEFORE I BLANKED OUT I MANAGED TO SNAG A DARNING NEEDLE AND SHOVE IT DOWN MY TUNIC!

SWELL! I CAN REACH IT WITH MY TEETH!



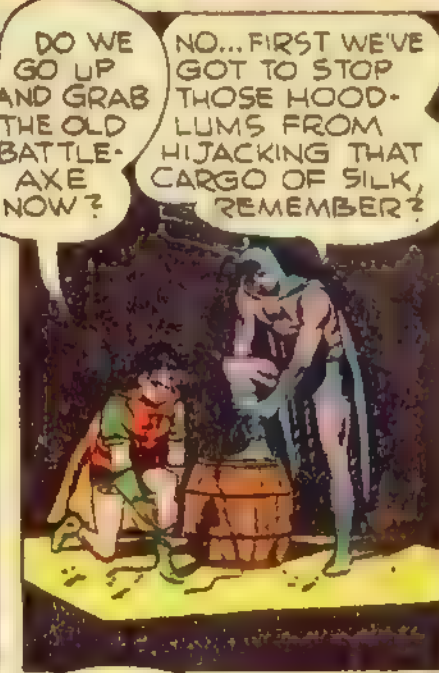
**PRESENTLY...**

A BIT OF POETIC JUSTICE, THIS... USING THE LADY'S DARNING NEEDLE TO UNRAVEL THE ROPE.



DO WE GO UP AND GRAB THE OLD BATTLE-AXE NOW?

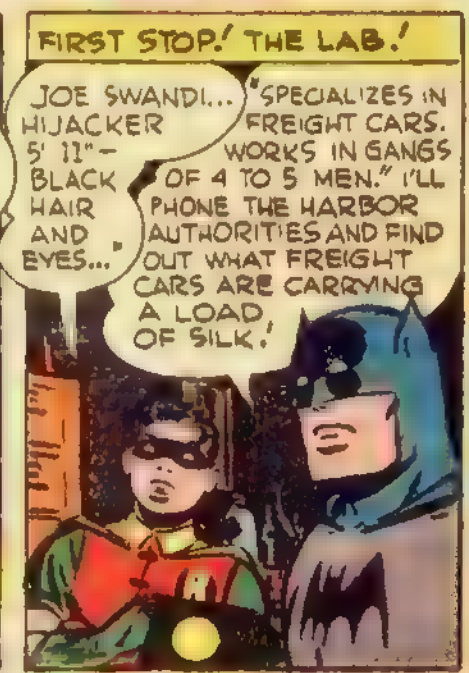
NO... FIRST WE'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE HOOD-LUMS FROM HIJACKING THAT CARGO OF SILK, REMEMBER?



**FIRST STOP! THE LAB!**

JOE SWANDI... "SPECIALIZES IN HIJACKER FREIGHT CARS. 5' 11" - WORKS IN GANGS OF 4 TO 5 MEN." I'LL PHONE THE HARBOR AUTHORITIES AND FIND OUT WHAT FREIGHT CARS ARE CARRYING A LOAD OF SILK!

BLACK HAIR AND EYES...



**LATER...**

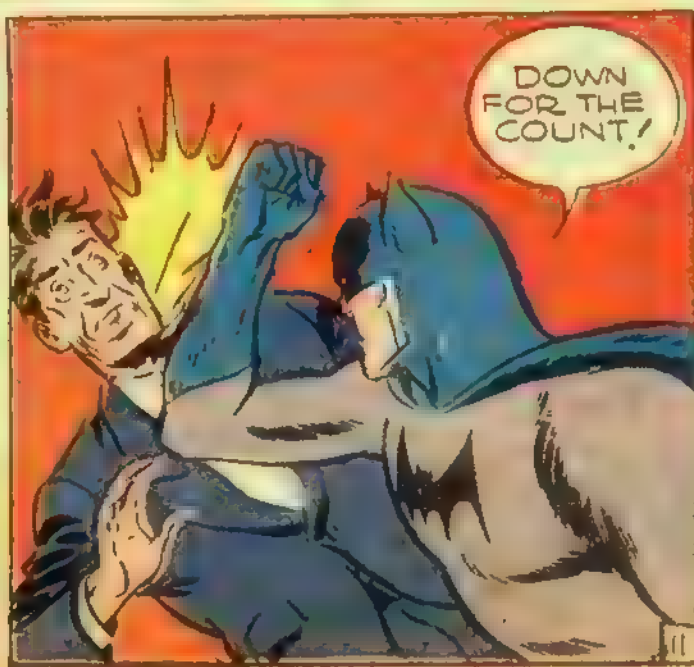
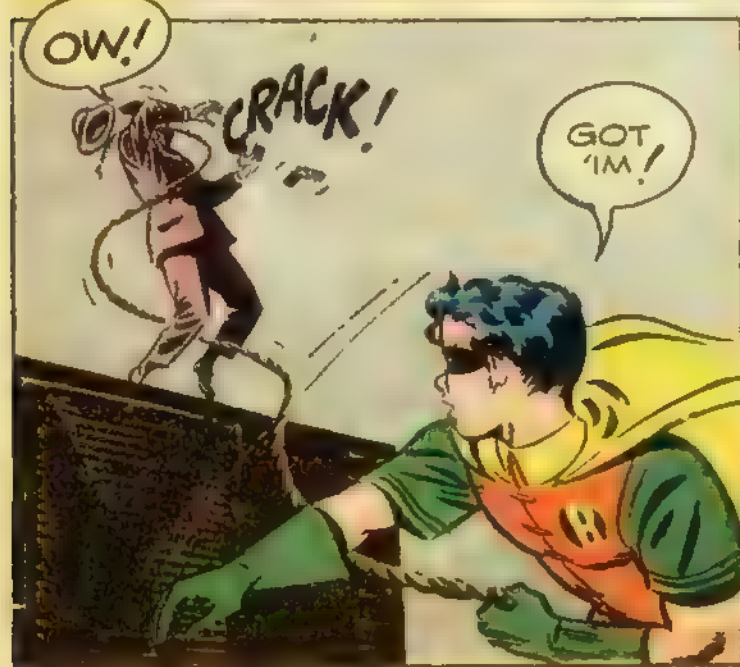
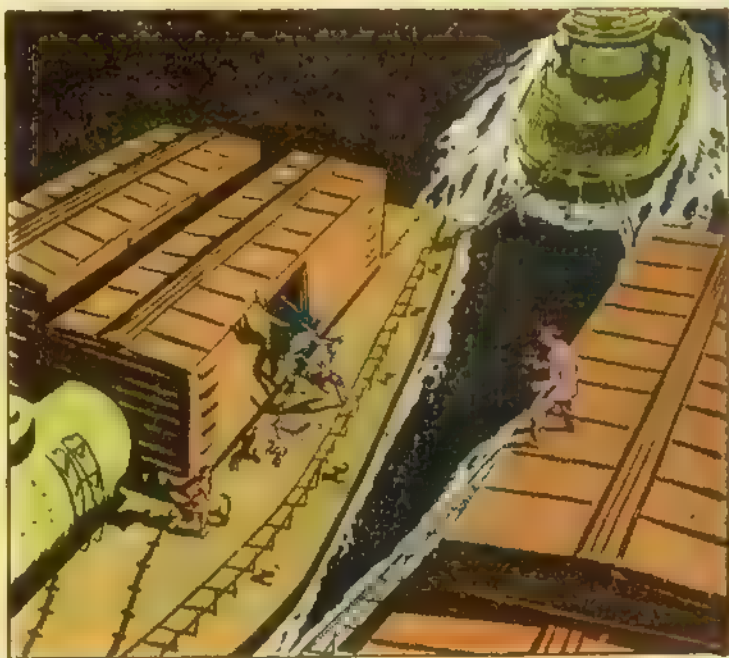
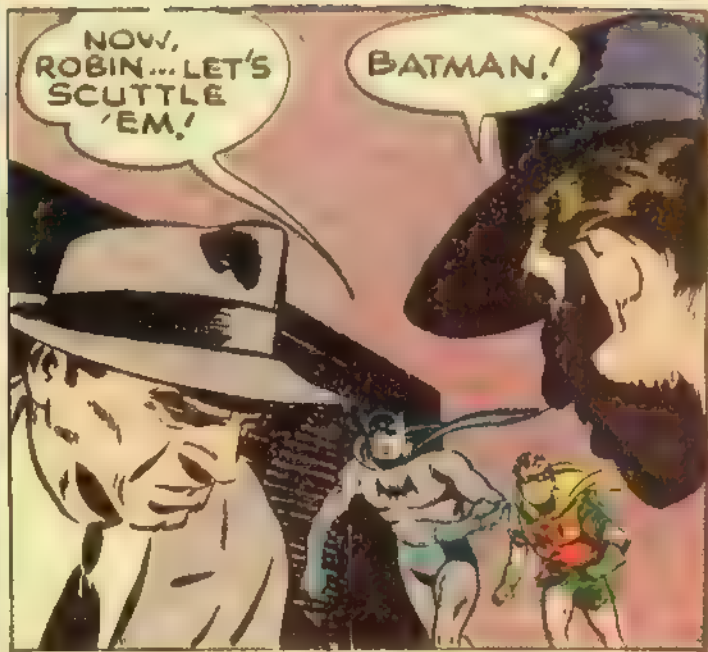
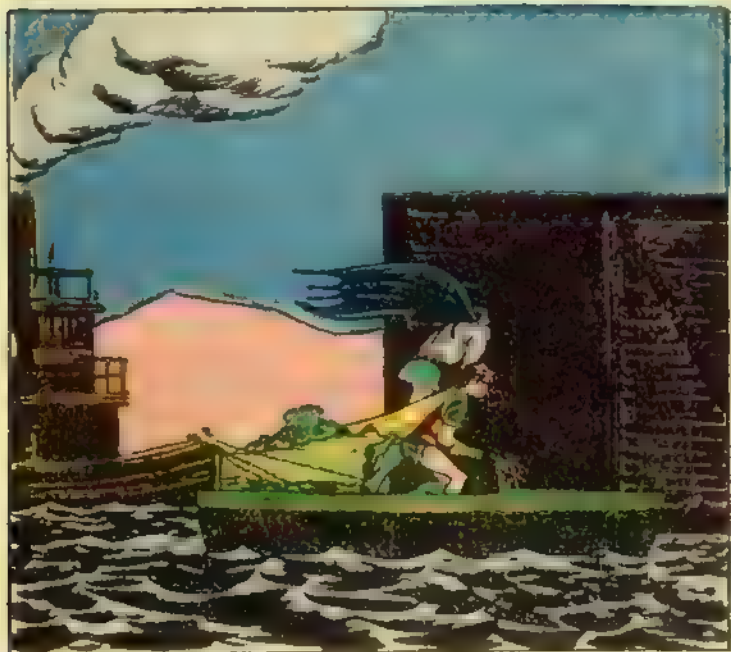
THERE! SEE THEM?

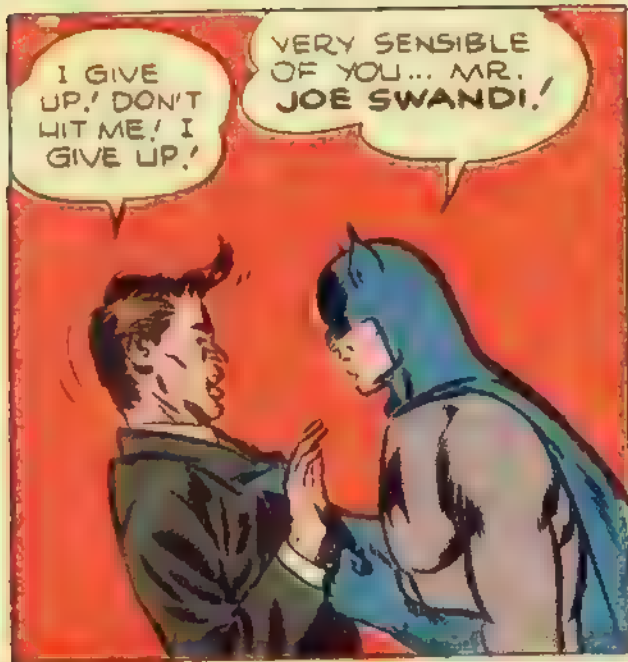
RIGHT! CUT THE MOTOR AND WE'LL DRIFT UP WITHOUT A SOUND!





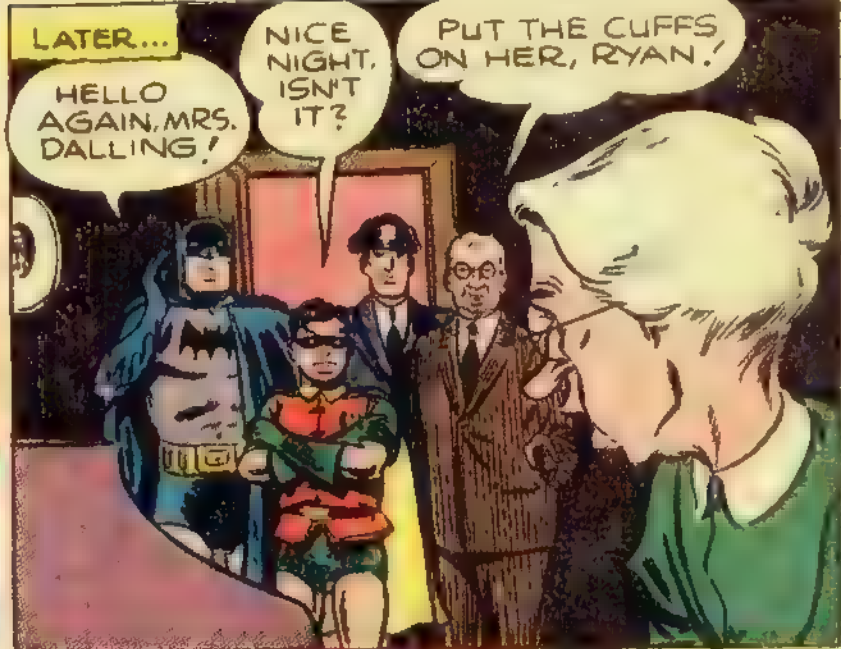
# BATMAN





I GIVE UP! DON'T HIT ME! I GIVE UP!

VERY SENSIBLE OF YOU... MR. JOE SWANDI!

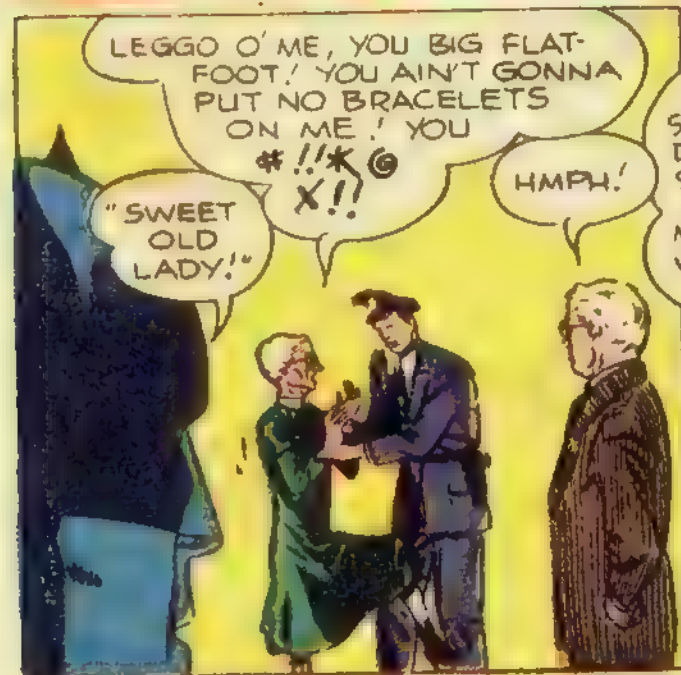


LATER...

HELLO AGAIN, MRS. DALLING!

NICE NIGHT, ISN'T IT?

PUT THE CUFFS ON HER, RYAN!

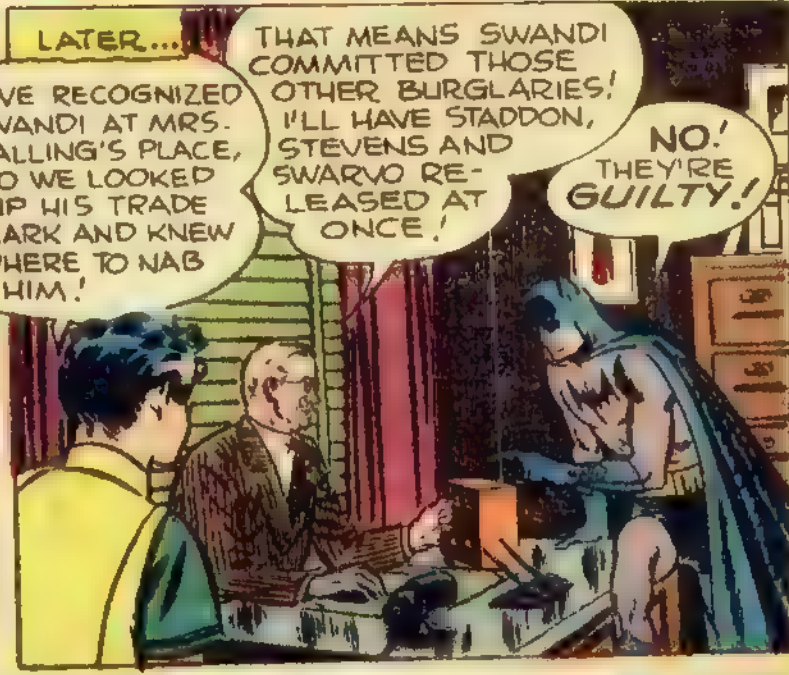


LEGGO O' ME, YOU BIG FLAT-FOOT! YOU AIN'T GONNA PUT NO BRACELETS ON ME! YOU

#!!\*@ X!!

"SWEET OLD LADY!"

HMPH!

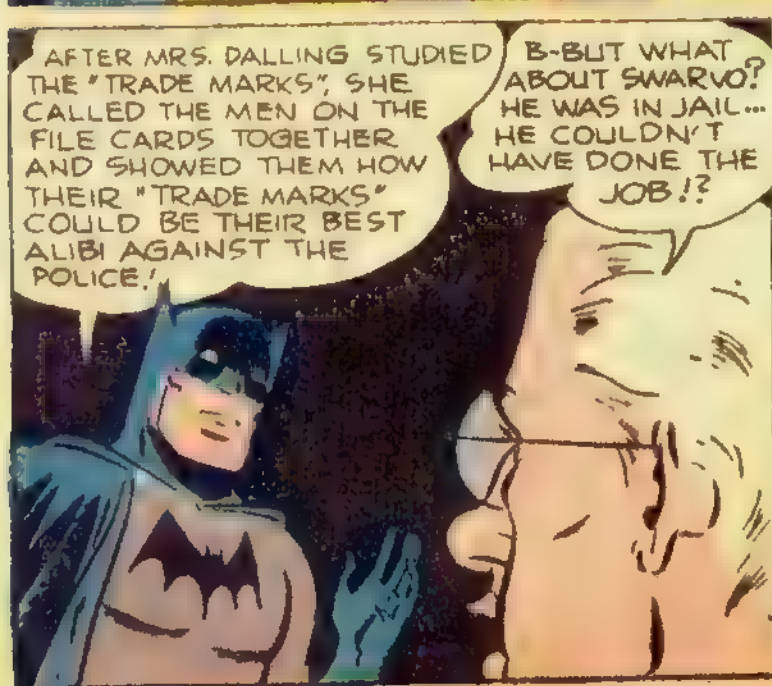


LATER...

WE RECOGNIZED SWANDI AT MRS. DALLING'S PLACE, SO WE LOOKED UP HIS TRADE MARK AND KNEW WHERE TO NAB HIM!

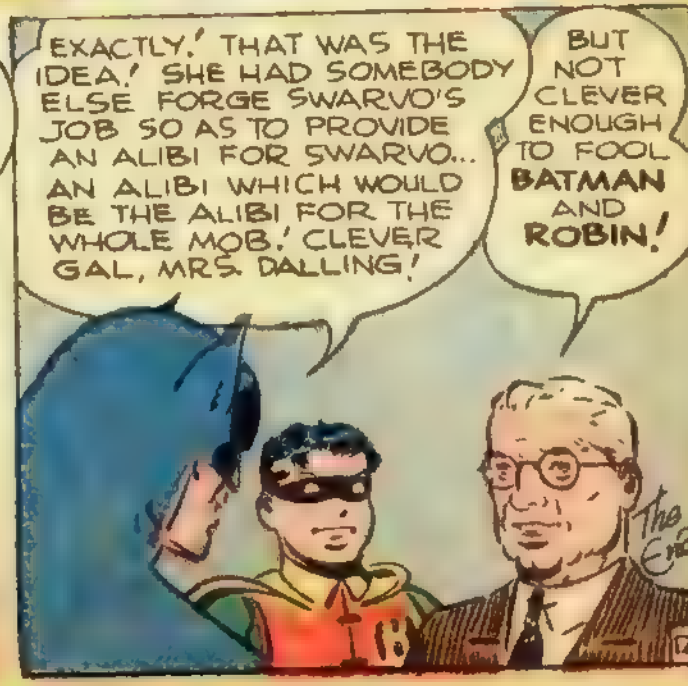
THAT MEANS SWANDI COMMITTED THOSE OTHER BURGLARIES! I'LL HAVE STADDON, STEVENS AND SWARVO RE-LEASED AT ONCE!

NO! THEY'RE GUILTY!



AFTER MRS. DALLING STUDIED THE "TRADE MARKS", SHE CALLED THE MEN ON THE FILE CARDS TOGETHER AND SHOWED THEM HOW THEIR "TRADE MARKS" COULD BE THEIR BEST ALIBI AGAINST THE POLICE!

B-BUT WHAT ABOUT SWARVO? HE WAS IN JAIL... HE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THE JOB!?

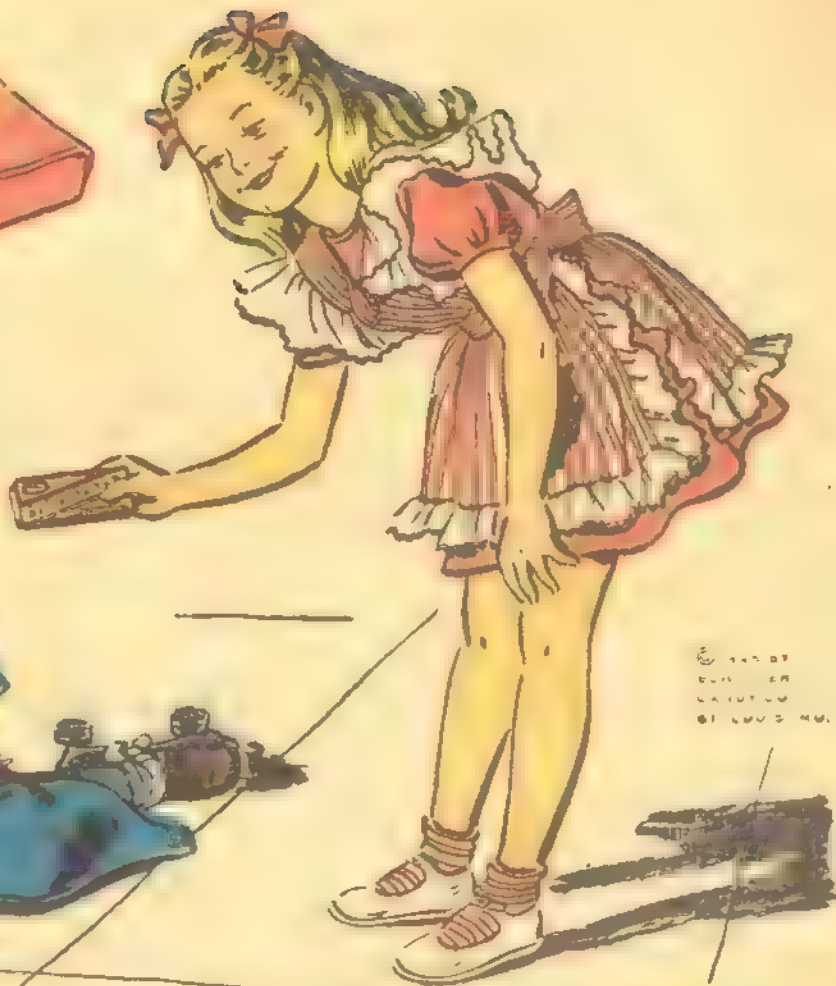


EXACTLY! THAT WAS THE IDEA! SHE HAD SOMEBODY ELSE FORGE SWARVO'S JOB SO AS TO PROVIDE AN ALIBI FOR SWARVO... AN ALIBI WHICH WOULD BE THE ALIBI FOR THE WHOLE MOB! CLEVER GAL, MRS. DALLING!

BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH TO FOOL BATMAN AND ROBIN!

The End

# Meet a



© 1945 BY  
SCHUTTER & CO.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

To get the full beauty of a sunset, you must see it... no painting can do it justice. And to enjoy the luscious goodness of BIT-O-HONEY you have to taste this temptingly different candy bar... no words can describe its delicious flavor. Try BIT-O-HONEY and you'll know why millions say: "It's the most delicious candy bar I've ever tasted." BIT-O-HONEY is cut in six individually wrapped bite-sized pieces... so handy to eat anywhere, anytime.

You'll like OLD NICK, too... a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY.

## Eat a



A "Honey" of a candy bar

## WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? *It has a special meaning!*

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number YOU can find yours by using the Number-Alphabet below.

LOU GEHRIG'S name adds up to THREE — Does YOURS?

Example

L O U G E H R I G  
3 + 6 + 3 + 7 + 5 + 8 + 9 + 9 + 7 = 57  
5 + 7 = 12 1 + 2 = 3

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "Three", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

### The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"      B-K-T are "2"  
C-L-U are "3"      D-M-V are "4"  
E-N-W are "5"      F-O-X are "6"  
G-P-Y are "7"      H-Q-Z are "8"  
I-R are "9"

### YOURS FREE

Want the key to your number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY booklet WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN? It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

# 3

Three! Individuals possess an engaging, free and easy manner and a fine sense of humor which win them many friends. Ambitious, independent they have both creative ability and initiative. Conscientious, capable, they often rise to high authority.

"BIT-O-HONEY"

Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo.

Please send me — absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

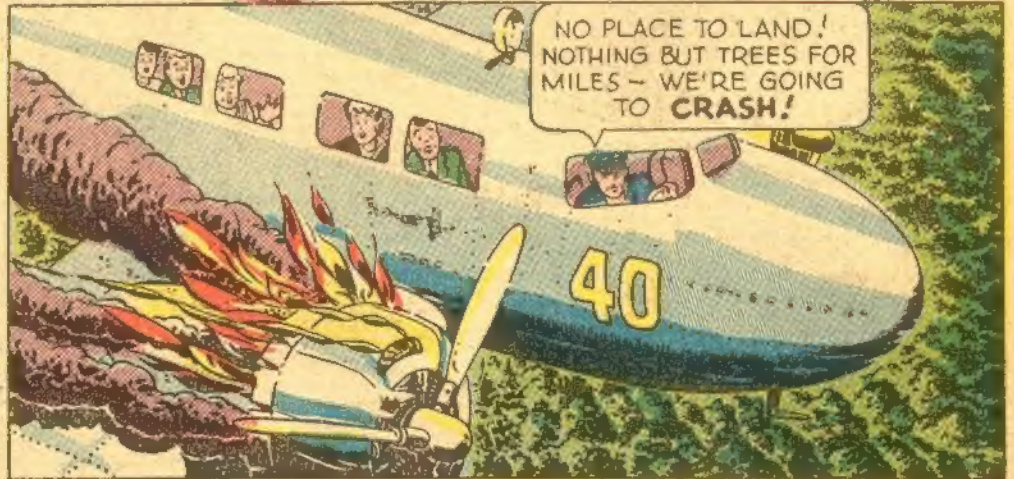
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

If you are under 18 check here \_\_\_\_\_  
Regardless of your age you get your Number booklet FREE.

GREEN SPINES DEC 31 1945

# How THOM McAN SAVED THE **FLAMING '40'** WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

THE '40' IS ON FIRE! WALKING THROUGH THE THICK FOREST BELOW, THOM McAN AND HIS SILENT LITTLE PAL "H" SEE THE GIANT 40-PASSENGER PLANE SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR A CLEAR PLACE TO LAND.



NO PLACE TO LAND! NOTHING BUT TREES FOR MILES - WE'RE GOING TO **CRASH!**

GEE, "H," I'VE GOT TO SAVE THOSE PASSENGERS! WAIT, I HAVE IT - PUT THOSE SMOKE-MAKING CAPSULES IN MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!

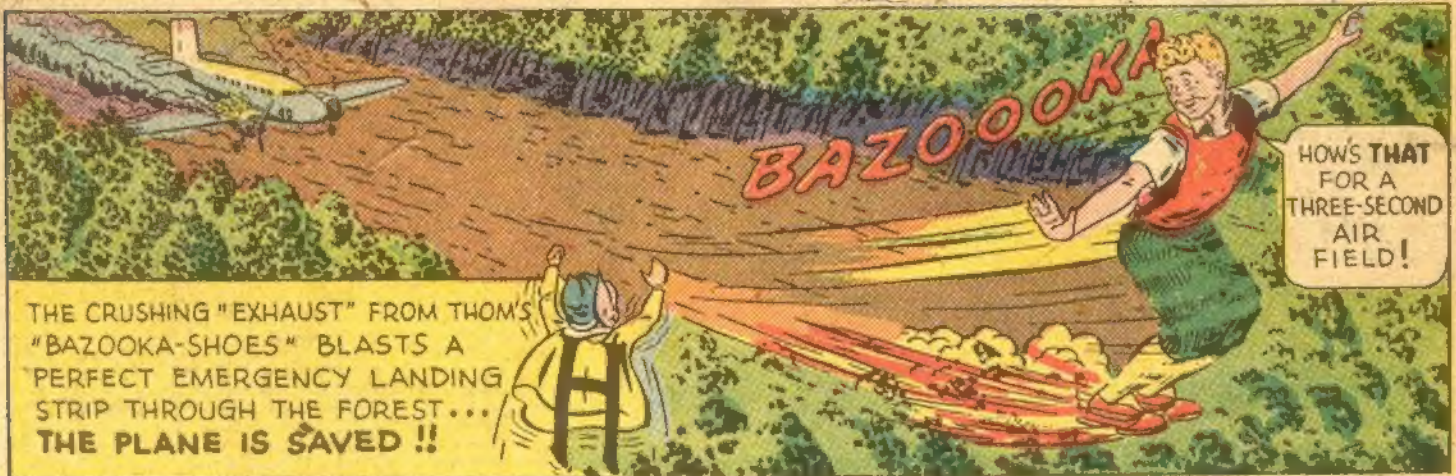


QUICKLY THOM STEPS INTO HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES" - AND STREAKS SKYWARD AS "H" WATCHES HIM GO!



*Follow me*

THE TRAIL OF SMOKE FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SPELLS OUT INSTRUCTIONS TO THE STARTLED PILOT.



THE CRUSHING "EXHAUST" FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" BLASTS A PERFECT EMERGENCY LANDING STRIP THROUGH THE FOREST...  
**THE PLANE IS SAVED !!**

HOW'S THAT FOR A THREE-SECOND AIR FIELD!



THOM, YOUR "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SAVED OUR LIVES LIKE... WELL, LIKE THE WAY THOM McAN SHOES SAVE OUR FEET!

WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM McAN" - ALWAYS SILENT. 'C THE 'H' IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD!

**- AND THOM McAN SHOES WILL AMAZE YOU TOO!**

You can't help being thrilled over the swell features of THOM McANS Solid comfort from toe to heel! Snappy styling high school and college crowds go for! Yet priced remarkably low! Keen styles for men too. When you buy your next Thom McAns - take Dad along!



**THE THOM McAN X22**  
Sizes 1 to 3 1/2. Similar Shoe for Men - Style 3680 - Sizes 6 to 11.

**Thom McAn**

OVER 500 STORES - IN OVER 300 CITIES

tenants," he grumbled. "One pack a day." His grumbling increased as he looked vainly on the table for a match. They used to leave a few packets every day, now he was lucky to get one. He finally found an almost used packet in one of his suits. He lit a cigarette, put the matches in his pocket, and went back to the vaporizer, where he inhaled deeply.

Five minutes later he went out of the building, using the service entrance. To all intents he might have been a mailman going to work. He wasn't. He was a crook, pulling a job on a rigid schedule, a schedule carefully timed by Eddie Chayne.

And it went right on time. As Eddie had figured, the mailman would be on the tenth floor of the Empire Building. He was. He was also unconscious, an inert heap in a janitor's closet, a moment later. No cleaning women would be near the closet until nightfall, Eddie had assured Deuce.

Deuce wasn't worried about that as he rang the bell which would open the locked door of Roth's Diamond Exchange on the eleventh floor. Deuce was carrying the mailman's pouch, and under the pile of letters in his hand was a gun. The mask was in the sack.

An employee let him in, said: "It's the mailman, Mr. Roth."

Then: "Darn it, no matches again. Got a match, mailman?"

For a moment Deuce, who had put down the sack and turned his back to the employee in order to don his mask, was startled. He reached into his pocket. "Better get this guy off guard," he told himself. Without looking up, he handed over the matches.

The startled employee dropped both cigarette and match when he saw the masked mailman with the gun. The gun covered Roth, his diamond cutter, and the employee. "Get against that far wall," Deuce snarled, "and don't turn around until I say so."

They did as directed. Deuce cleaned the diamonds from the

safe in a moment. They almost filled the big handkerchief he had bought. Almost a quarter of a million dollars worth, Deuce's expert eye appraised. "Remember, don't move." He made sure of it. He struck the three of them from behind.

Then he was out on the street, hurrying toward the avenue. He was rid of his pouch, having left it in Roth's.

Eddie Chayne was waiting at the bus stop on Fifth and 48th. No sign of recognition passed between him and Deuce as the latter boarded the bus. Eddie followed, sat next to Deuce but said nothing.

Ten blocks later Deuce left. Eddie already had the diamond-filled handkerchief securely hidden away on his person. Ten minutes later, right on schedule, Deuce was in bed, looking at his watch. He had donned his false beard. And the mailman's costume even now was burning in the incinerator, which went on, twice a day at the same time. When Deuce dropped the clothes in the chute in the hall, he made sure it was burning.

Happily, Deuce breathed deeply of the vaporizer. He'd be rid of this cold in a couple of days. He closed his eyes and lay back in bed. Maybe today, maybe tomorrow, McCarthy would be around. He didn't care. He had a wonderful alibi. The doctor would vouch for the cold. And no one had seen Deuce enter or leave the building.

Nevertheless, he was a trifle surprised when McCarthy arrived only three hours later. It was mid-afternoon. Deuce blinked as he saw McCarthy's companion. It was the employee from Roth's.

Deuce said: "What is it, McCarthy? Can't a guy enjoy a cold?"

Detective McCarthy ignored him. "Recognize this man, Mr. Shapiro?"

Shapiro shook his head. "No, no," he said nervously. "This... this mailman who hit me didn't have a beard."

Deuce stared at the witness,

then spoke to McCarthy. "I think I've got a lawyer who can do something about your questioning me, McCarthy. The house doctor here will tell you I never left this room." His voice took on an injured tone. "This is just persecution, McCarthy, and I want you to know—" He halted for a moment. A sudden chill passed through him. McCarthy seemed too sure of himself. Quickly, the entire sequence of events passed in review before Deuce's mind, reassuring him. Not a thing had gone wrong, every minute had been accounted for.

McCarthy seemed almost to be thinking out loud, although he addressed his remarks to his nervous companion. "Of course that unshaven picture of Deuce Coe I showed you at headquarters is two years old, Mr. Shapiro, which may account for your indecision." His lips set and he moved toward the bathroom. Then he paused, drew his gun. "You'd better find Deuce's razor for me, Mr. Shapiro," he said. "No smart con will ever turn his back on this guy."

Deuce sat bolt upright in bed, afraid to reach for the gun beneath his pillow. "You can't shave me," he screamed. "You've got no right. I'll yell for help." His voice shrilled through the room. "You're persecuting me. You've got no evidence against me. You have no authority to shave me!"

McCarthy's voice was cool and deliberate. "This will do until I get some, Deuce. The phony mailman who robbed Roth's Diamond Exchange today handed them to Mr. Shapiro."

Deuce sank back, beaten, as he looked at the object in McCarthy's ungloved hand. A packet of matches with the name "Rexford Arms" clearly printed in black and gold.

"I'm ready to shave him," Mr. Shapiro's voice said from the bathroom door. His confidence had returned. This Detective McCarthy seemed to know his stuff.

LOST AND FOUND



...it was a package of  
**Cookies**

made with



RECIPE ON  
EVERY WRAPPER

**Candy**

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS

LOST AND FOUND



...it was a package of  
**Cookies**  
made with



RECIPE ON  
EVERY WRAPPER

**Candy**

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS